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The Shape of Things

IN HIS SPEECH BEFORE THE AMERICAN CLUB in Paris on October 3, Secretary of State Byrnes declared very emphatically that the United States was not going to retreat into a policy of isolation again. There must, he said, be no doubt about America's determination to interest itself in European affairs—a doubt which twice had led to war because other nations had miscalculated the consequences of their actions. The significance of this remark, which he backed by a renewal of his proposal for a Four-Power 40-year treaty to maintain German demilitarization, was its implied warning to the Russians that they could not count on a future American withdrawal from Europe which would open the way to their attainment of hegemony. Perhaps this warning was necessary, but it is a pity that Mr. Byrnes did not accompany it by some gesture that might help to melt the icy barrier that divides us from the Soviets. His comments on Stalin's recent statement were, in fact, politely freezing. He welcomed the Russian Premier's assurance that there was no fear of an atomic war, adding coldly that he hoped this would put an end to "unwarranted charges" that the United States was planning to use its bomb to intimidate Russia. He agreed there was no immediate danger of war but pointedly asserted that "while no nation wants war, nations may pursue policies ... which lead to war." The Secretary's speech, in short, was firmly negative. It offered no hope of ending the impasse which Russian-American relations have reached, an impasse illustrated by the wide differences which remain between the views of the two countries on many of the peace treaty problems over which the Paris conference has been fruitlessly wrangling for nine weeks.

*

IT IS NATURAL THAT THE BRITISH SHOULD resent Mr. Truman's latest pronouncement on Palestine. Coming as it did on the eve of Yom Kippur and, even more importantly, of the fall election campaign, it carried a flavor of political expediency which English comment promptly recognized. And the fact of its release in the face of a direct request from Mr. Attlee that it be temporarily withheld from publication, added to London's annoyance. But the President's statement was actually more than a campaign maneuver. It represented an important body of American opinion which, since the adjournment of the London Conference, has become increasingly pessimistic about the prospect of early change. If nothing is to be done before the London Conference reassembles in December, the D. P.'s are clearly doomed to another winter in the detention camps of Germany. The President went back to the report of the Joint Inquiry Committee to insist again that substantial immigration into Palestine should not be held up while Britain ponders the long-range aspects of its Middle East policy. He also reiterated his earlier recommendation that the immigration laws of other nations, including the United States, should be liberalized in order to admit refugees, a proposal which ought to mitigate British resentment. And after reviewing the long sequence of fruitless inquiries, negotiations, and proposed solutions, he gave tentative support to the compromise partition plan endorsed by the Jewish Agency. Altogether, the substance of the President's statement was important and its tone moderate and cooperative; it is greatly to be hoped that the British will not write it off as nothing more than a bid for Jewish votes.

*

ALL BUT TWO OF THE TWENTY-FIVE NEGROES accused of attempted murder during the troubles at Columbia, Tennessee, last February, have been acquitted. That verdict is a triumph for the defending lawyers who, in an atmosphere thick with prejudice, fought from beginning to end with skill and courage. But in some part it can be attributed to the way in which the case was covered in the national press. In particular the syndicated articles of Vincent Sheean exposed the way in which the defense was hampered by the rulings of the presiding judge and laid bare the social background of the Columbia "incident" which occurred when, following a dispute between a Negro and a white man, a white mob gathered in a lynching mood. That night the frightened colored citizens were on guard in Mink Slide, the business section of their quarter. Shots were fired on both sides and four policemen who approached the colored district in a darkened car were wounded. At dawn, State Commissioner of Safety, Lynn Bomar, who admitted at the trial that he had no search warrant, led a posse of highway patrolmen to Mink Slide and started a reign of terror. Stores were smashed and ransacked,

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money stolen, and 103 men and boys thrown into jail without charge. In the following week, all these prisoners were beaten and two killed "trying to escape." Twenty-five were then arbitrarily held for trial. In court, the prosecution could produce direct evidence against none; it proceeded, apparently, on the Hitlerian theory of "collective guilt." It is satisfactory to know that a Tennessee jury has repudiated this theory. But even if the verdict against the two convicted men is set aside on appeal, as seems probable, it can hardly be said that justice has been served. For the man directly responsible for the deaths of two Negroes and wanton destruction of much property remains—Heaven help Tennessee!—Commissioner of Safety.

*

FIVE MORE SPANISH REPUBLICANS HAVE JUST been sentenced to death in the new wave of Franco terror which Mr. Del Vayo describes elsewhere in this issue. They are Ramón Prado, Julio Romero, Julio Sanchez, Bonifacio García, and Juan Cuadrado. A United Press cable from Buenos Aires reports that the Argentine Parliament has adopted a resolution urging the Spanish government to commute these sentences. The least we can demand of our government is that it take advantage of its good relations with the Spanish dictator to exert similar pressure on Madrid.

*

THE POSITION OF THE NATIONAL ECONOMY is now one "of great promise and great danger," said Director John Steelman of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion in his latest quarterly report. From our corner, the danger appears a great deal more conspicuous than the promise. As Mr. Steelman himself noted, prices have risen further in the last three months than in the previous thirty-eight while, despite wage increases, "the money the average working family has to spend per week has decreased since V-E Day." His report declares that the remedy is greater production of finished goods, which is hardly an original thought. The question to be solved is how to overcome the lag in production. It is fashionable to blame that on strikes and low labor productivity. But a lot of the trouble seems to be due to the ill-balanced distribution of man-power and materials, partly due to hoarding. In addition, there is accumulating evidence of deliberate slowdown by business and the withholding of finished goods from the market. Eric Johnston, a member of the OWMR Advisory Board, says rightly that we are paying the penalty for relaxing controls too early and particularly for the fatal hiatus that occurred in the summer when Congress failed to pass an acceptable OPA continuation bill. Mr. Johnston, declaring that wage controls have broken down and thus rendered impossible the successful continuation of price controls, recommends an end to both and urges reliance on (a) free markets and (b) self-re-

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straint in the interests of national welfare, to see us through the danger of inflation which, he admits, remains. He does not realize that his two remedies are incompatible since the only law for the seller in a free market is to grab whatever the traffic can bear.

*

THE ARMY'S NEW MILITARY TRAINING PLAN is clearly preferable to the one which was allowed to die in committee at the last session of Congress for lack of popular support. In cutting the training period to six months and permitting the trainees to choose any one of seven alternative programs in lieu of another six months training, the Army has recognized at least some of the implications of atomic warfare. The kind of military training that was given to our soldiers in World War II is likely to be utterly irrelevant to the needs of national defense ten years hence. Six months would seem to be the maximum time for which the government could justifiably interrupt the cultural and scientific education of the country's youth. But is is doubtful whether the time, effort, and money demanded by this kind of training represent the wisest use of our resources for national defense. It is estimated that the new universal-training program will cost about $2,000,000,000 annually. If this amount were spent in improving scientific training in our schools and colleges and in enabling tens of thousands of young men to obtain a higher education, our potentialities for national defense might be strengthened to a far greater extent than is possible under any program of military training.

*

THE AMERICAN LEGION'S CONVENTION AT San Francisco has shown that it takes a good deal more than a World War to change the Legion. Full of nostalgia and grain neutral spirits, most of the legionnaires gamboled and staggered through San Francisco, shooting off water pistols or whistling hoarsely at girls; meanwhile the loudly reactionary and quietly efficient group that has always controlled Legion policy kept on controlling it, in spite of the fact that, by now, two-thirds of the legionnaires are veterans of World War II. Generals, admirals, and J. Edgar Hoover made the usual "Arm! Arm! The Reds Are Coming!" speeches, but General Omar Bradley, head of the Veterans' Administration, surprised his audience by delivering an attack on retiring Commander John Stelle. Stelle had declared that Bradley's indorsement of the $200-a-month ceiling on pay to men receiving on-the-job training was a "betrayal" of the veteran, and that the rights of veterans were everywhere being imperilled by the arbitrary and excessive "economy" of the government. Bradley defended government policy, accused Stelle of consistent exaggeration and misrepresentation in the interests of a special group, and reminded him that the veteran is a citizen first and a veteran second. Stelle's reply, though more palatable to the convention than Bradley's speech, won little applause outside of San Francisco; the American Veterans' Committee immediately came out in support of Bradley. There isn't much doubt that the Legion, in both practice and theory, is just what it used to be, and leftists boring from within seem unlikely to get much more for their pains than blisters and frustration.

Progressives in Chicago

THE Conference of Progressives, which met in Chicago September 28-29, was impressive for several reasons. It attracted representatives from a wide variety of liberal and labor organizations; it was addressed by a notable group of leaders who have refused to run before the current tide of reaction; it adopted a sound program of foreign and domestic policies; it issued a ringing appeal to progressives throughout the country to rally to the polls on November 5 and so insure that the Eightieth Congress will be a more liberal body than the Seventy-ninth.

These achievements will put new heart into progressives and may help to bring out the big registration of votes that is needed to repel the reactionary offensive at the polls. But it must be recognized that the weeks that remain before the election are too few to organize effectively "half a million bell-ringers." It is only possible now to build on foundations which should have already been laid by the P. A. C. and its allies, and there is all too much evidence that these groups are not operating this year as extensively or as enthusiastically as in 1944.

That is not difficult to explain. With the death of Roosevelt and the scattering of the New Dealers, the progressive movement has been forced to take defensive positions. Instead of looking forward to new horizons, it must strive to salvage as many of the Roosevelt policies as possible and, in order to do so, to keep what hold it can on the Democratic Party. This is the object of the short-term tactics adopted by the Chicago conference—the support of liberal candidates of both parties and the weakening of the tory coalition which dominated the last Congress. In practice, however, the result is that progressives find themselves tagging along with the Democratic Party machine in most constituencies, since left-wing Republicans are few and the choice is all too often between a bad Democrat and a worse Republican.

Moreover, it is difficult for progressives to associate themselves, however loosely, with the Democrats while at the same time repudiating the leadership of President Truman. At Chicago this problem was met by giving Mr. Truman the silent treatment, but that is hardly a solution as long as men like Henry Wallace and Claude Pepper, who are identified with progressivism, give their loyal support to the Democratic ticket.

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Last week, in discussing The Nation Associates conference at Los Angeles, Freda Kirchwey wrote of "the dilemma of a progressive mass disunited and cut off by changing political currents from the organizational base from which, during the Roosevelt era, it had exercised effective power." The Chicago conference illustrated that dilemma but was unable to point out the way of escape. It did, however, tacitly recognize that the immediate program it recommended, an adaptation of the old Gompers policy of rewarding friends and punishing enemies, had only a limited usefulness. After the election the situation will be reviewed by a Continuation Committee appointed by the conference, and in January a new conference will assemble in Washington which will be able to look ahead to 1948 and beyond. On that occasion the question of the future of the progressive movement will have to be faced and answered. It is a movement, we are convinced, which has great and growing support among the people, but to realize its potentialities it must cease to lean on the memory of Roosevelt and develop new leadership and a new organizational form.

Politics and Justice

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE political basis of the Nürnberg trial was the decision of the major Allied powers that Germany, after Hitler's downfall, was not to be permitted the privilege of revolution. Whether the decision was wise or foolish can never be demonstrated, for no one can say that a revolution in Germany would have succeeded. Twelve years of Hitlerism had largely destroyed the elements necessary for effective revolt, and those elements had never been strong. This fact, of course, had no influence on the decision of the Allies, but it helped silence criticism even among those who, like myself, believe that only through revolution could the German people have purged itself of the poison of fascist tyranny. To mean anything politically, "denazification" must come from inside.

But the Allied powers, Russia included, were not primarily interested in the regeneration of Germany. Their policy was dictated by considerations of security, by the desire of each to establish quickly its own position in the area assigned to it, and, on the part of the Western powers at least, by a strong objection to violent change in Germany, especially from the left.

Because of bad political weather, the German revolution was adjourned to a courtroom.

No honest anti-fascist can regret the punishment of the men responsible for Hitler's dictatorship and for the system of terror and aggression that supported it. But to argue that their punishment was better accomplished by a Nürnberg trial than by a straightforward political decision misses, I think, the central meaning of the struggle against the fascist drive for power. The trial, in fact, obscured that meaning behind its elaborate façade of legalism. If Hitler's lieutenants had to be spared the political fate of Mussolini, if military control by the victors had to take the place of revolution, the most effective and understandable alternative would have been prompt action by the Allied Control Commission. Senator Taft, with impressive lack of logic, has insisted that because the trial was essentially illegal the defendants should not have been condemned to death but merely exiled, as was Napoleon. This argument probably conceals a more logical wish that they had all been acquitted. For if the Nürnberg trial was in fact outside the law, it had no better right to condemn the Nazi leaders to exile them to death. Whereas the Allied powers in 1814 might quite as reasonably have sentenced Napoleon to death as to Elba. A similar political decision by the Inter-Allied Commission in Germany in the summer of 1945 would have avoided the appearance of specious legality which has led even such militant anti-Nazis as our contributor, Rustem Vambery, to question the validity of the whole proceedings at Nürnberg.

I do not say that no good came of the trial. The execution of the top leaders will have a useful political effect in Germany as elsewhere; and even the acquittals, which seem to me quite unjustified, may help make the crimes of the condemned men appear larger and more sinister. The vast accumulation of evidence, presented in the courtroom and dramatized outside, should have convinced the ordinary German-in-the-street that the Nazi regime, individually and as a whole, was as unprecedentedly evil as the world knew it to be. And the appearance in court, as accusing witnesses, of some of the surviving victims of Hitler's extermination camps provided an unforgettable lesson in the meaning of terror.

von Papen

More important was the attempt of the Tribunal to establish aggression and crimes against humanity as offenses under international law. This effort may have

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been legally indefensible, as Dr. Vambery maintains, providing dubious grounds upon which to convict the accused Nazis. At the same time, viewed politically and even morally, it is possible to argue that it set up certain standards which represent the beliefs of all decent men and women in this threatening era. In other words, Nürnberg may have helped crystallize a point of view which must form the basis in custom upon which valid law can eventually be erected. To find moral values in juridical proceedings which are unsound legally will itself seem immoral to the legal purist. But to one who looks upon the whole trial as essentially an over-elaborate political process, the coincidence of high ideals and questionable law offers fewer difficulties.

One more word about the effect of the acquittals. There are those who believe they were justified as a demonstration of the fairness of the procedure, proving that the cases as a whole were not prejudged. This argument seems to have been overthrown by the reports from Germany, which indicate that the attitude of the ordinary citizen toward the acquittals is one of bewilderment and disapproval. He knows Schacht as the clever fox who converted Germany's financial system to the purposes of rearmament and war, who organized leading industrialists and bankers in support of the Nazi program, and who helped Hitler into power—while maintaining always a convenient fiction of superior detachment. As for von Papen, the man who induced Hindenburg to give Hitler the Chancellorship and who betrayed Austria to the Nazis, he too is known to all Germans as an active accomplice of the regime. That he managed to cover his operations with a cloak of respectability and, especially, of piety in no way mitigates his offense. To have these two land on their feet after the fall of Nazism has obviously produced a reaction of cynicism rather than respect. And the same attitude, in lesser degree, applies to the freeing of Fritsche. Legal safeguards which prevent the punishment of men whose acts so clearly merit punishment are sure to be regarded as devices to protect the powerful rather than the innocent. And the fact that Schacht's acquittal will apparently result in the freeing of all the leading industrialists and financiers now awaiting trial only adds to the unfortunate political effect of the verdict.

De Gaulle Marches Backward

BY GEORGE SLOCOMBE

Paris, October 1

THE events of the past week will have a profound influence on French history for many years to come. By his speech at Epinal on Sunday, September 29, General de Gaulle cut himself adrift from the mass of French democratic opinion as effectively as, and hardly less dramatically than, he broke with his past on June 18, 1940, when he denounced the capitulation of Marshal Philippe Pétain to Germany. A solitary by nature and by choice, the General has never been more aloof from his countrymen, more alone in his political thinking, than he is today. The fact that he is enthusiastically acclaimed by the diehards of the recently formed Party of Republican Liberties, that they would like to carry him to the Elysée tomorrow as the chief of an authoritarian, anti-Communist, but also anti-democratic regime, that his popularity is still great among the peasants and among the small *rentier* class, both of whom find difficulty in reorienting themselves in the new political atmosphere of France, does not alter the grave truth of De Gaulle's essential solitude.

The dominant, the tragic reality is that General de Gaulle has finally broken with the Resistance, with almost all the young, ardent, patriotic, forward-looking elements of France which revolted against Vichy, which suffered and came near death under the enemy occupation, which desired a new France after the liberation, and which still desire it. And the Resistance, for all its reiterated professions of admiration for the De Gaulle of the eighteenth of June, 1940, and the years which followed that courageous declaration of faith in France's destinies, for all its past loyalty and undiminished respect for his person, has definitely broken with De Gaulle. He is now seen as the associate, willing or unwilling, conscious or unconscious, avowed or occult, of the remnants of Vichyism, the unrepentant survivors of the "two hundred families," the anti-democratic, power-loving, money-conscious feudalists of the Third Republic whose spokesmen and chosen instruments ranged, in the tragic years before and after the débâcle, from Gaston Doumergue, Pierre Etienne Flandin, Camille Chautemps, Edouard Daladier, Georges Bonnet to Marshal Pétain and Pierre Laval.

Only this realization could have brought about the eleventh-hour reconciliation over the draft constitution between such redoubtable and permanent adversaries as the Christian Democrats of the M. R. P., the Socialists of Léon Blum, and the Communists of Maurice Thorez

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and Jacques Duclos. Only this could have achieved an eleventh-hour agreement between the Christian Democrats and the Communists on an electoral law which retains proportional representation on the departmental plane but rejects the mixing of lists of candidates at the electors' choice—an agreement which satisfies neither party as to the principle but which gives to each a certain temporary advantage in the elections to be held this month. And only this realization of De Gaulle's real intentions could have provoked Léon Blum, a generous political critic and an erstwhile admirer of the General, to his recent probing and destructive polemics against De Gaulle.

In French politics it is never the superficial subject of agreement or disagreement which counts. All the political parties in France debate endlessly over a phrase, but each reads into the written word its own meaning. The constitution on which the three great parties of the Resistance reached unanimous agreement on the eve of De Gaulle's speech at Epinal satisfies none of them. It is a document full of compromises, evasions, and innuendoes. The salient fact about it is its insistence on the sovereign rights of the democratically elected National Assembly. The second chamber, called the Council of the Republic, has been grudgingly accorded the right to initiate laws, if not financial laws, but refused the right to veto those passed by the Assembly. It will not enjoy the power, possessed by the old Senate, of rejecting legislation passed by the more directly and democratically elected lower house, or of ordering, by agreement with the President of the Republic, the dissolution of the lower house in a political crisis. The President of the Republic has been permitted the right of appointing the president of the Council of Ministers (Prime Minister), but this appointment must be ratified by an absolute majority of the National Assembly.

The lower house thus retains its sovereign powers of legislation and of control over the executive at every stage in the political battle. It may be argued that the new President will in fact enjoy as great powers as those actually *exercised* by his predecessors under the Third Republic. On every occasion when a President of the Republic has attempted in the past to exceed the de facto powers allotted to his office under the new constitution, he has run into grave trouble with Parliament and has had to submit or resign. It is clear to the Resistance parties that the crux of the quarrel with General de Gaulle centers in the powers of the President of the Republic. In order to see the position clearly, one has only to imagine the Communist leader Maurice Thorez engaged in the same battle for a strong chief of state. General de Gaulle would then be found among the partisans of the sovereign Assembly.

The effect of the General's Epinal speech, in which incidentally he went farther and more defiantly along the path to an authoritarian state than he has ever permitted himself in earlier declarations, may be surprising both to De Gaulle's followers and to his critics. He has unmistakably counseled the nation to say No when the constitution is offered for ratification in the referendum of October 13. But the nation has already said No once, and it has shown little interest in the debates over the constitution. Out of apathy, out of alarm at the prolongation of a regime of provisional governments and temporary parliaments, it may conceivably reverse its previous judgment and reply Yes. It may also take fright at the prospect of a fascist dictatorship adumbrated in the General's demand for a strong executive and a strong chief of state. Even if some sections of the nation are not opposed to a paternal government which will create a barrier against communism, the same sections may reasonably recoil from the prospects of civil war between the General's partisans and the Communists. Finally, there is the traditional civilian distrust of the general on horseback. The French are a martial nation but not a military nation. In times of peace they suspect the interference of soldiers in politics. The Dreyfus Affair, and the four years' rule of Marshal Pétain, left a permanent distaste for military intervention.

These are the negative factors which may insure a reaction against General de Gaulle even among the Catholic, property-owning, professional classes which admire him most. The positive factors are even more convincing. The Assembly has passed the revised draft of the constitution by an impressive majority—440 to 106. The Socialists, Communists, and M. R. P. voted unanimously for it. Under the electoral law as amended, little or no change can be expected in the next Assembly. The position of the three great parties remains unaffected. Even if a proportion of the M. R. P. voters is influenced by General de Gaulle's condemnation of the constitution, and replies No, there will remain sufficient Yes voters among the M. R. P. to swell the solid ranks of the Socialists and the Communists. Many of Edouard Herriot's dwindling following of Radicals and Radical-Socialists, moreover, although they do not like the draft constitution, will probably vote for it because they like General de Gaulle's authoritarian tendencies even less.

It should be realized also that General de Gaulle has given the three Resistance parties their best fighting slogan, both in the referendum and in the new general elections. A constitution, even perfect, is a poor thing to do battle for. But a personality, a name, especially when that personality and that name are associated with the most tragic and eventful years in the history of France, are the best of slogans, the most brilliant of battle flags. Napoleon, for many years after his eclipse, was the subject of a legend over which men argued, fought, quarreled, triumphed, or despaired. There is nothing so dangerous as the dictator myth.

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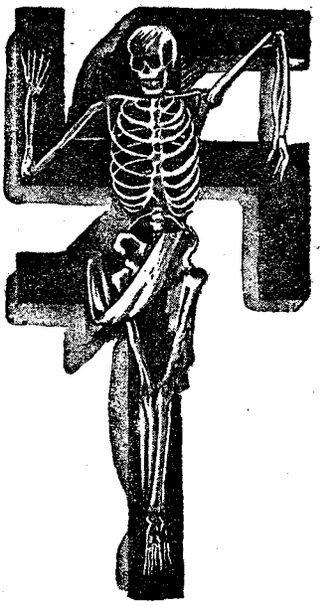

Tod des Kreuzes

Kindertod

Arnold Bosshard

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Schacht

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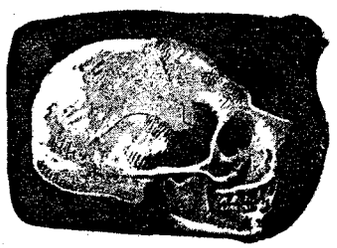
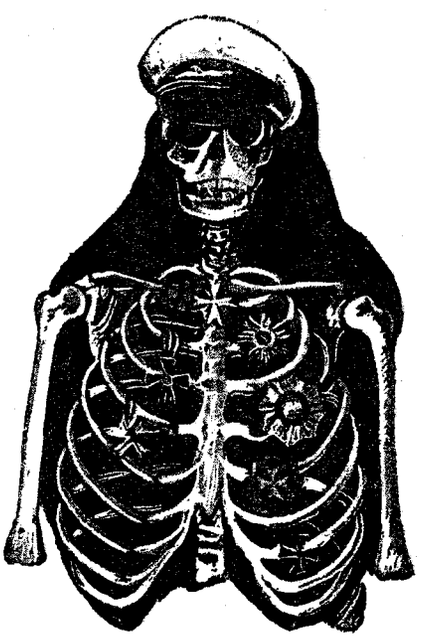
von Fritsch



Goebbels



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Ribbentrop

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The Law of the Tribunal

BY RUSTEM VAMBERY

IN SPITE of such obvious anomalies as the acquittal of Papen, who sponsored Hitler's rise to power, and the hanging of Rosenberg, who provided the Nazis with their ideology, the acquittal of the German General Staff and the hanging of its chief, General Jodl, the Nürnberg judgment clearly made an attempt to keep up legal appearances. There was, indeed, nothing wrong with the Nürnberg trial except its psychological background and its juridical foundation. As I emphasized in earlier issues of *The Nation* (May 19 and December 1, 1945), both the Charter of the International Military Tribunal and the Tribunal itself had *les fautes de leurs qualités*: the Charter because it assumed that the four-power agreement could create international law and the Tribunal because for lack of legal rules to define the crime and determine the punishment it had to imitate the arbitrariness of Hitlerian jurisprudence. Legally there is as much justification for the position "They should have hanged those fellows in Nürnberg in the first place?" as for the suggestion made by the gloomy Dean of St. Paul's that a general pardon be granted to the accused.

It is not the personal fate of those lunatics and scoundrels who exemplified German megalomania running amuck but the fate of law and justice in which we are interested. Justice Jackson stated that the kingpin of the case is the declaration that aggressive war is a crime. How aggressive war is to be defined and why it is a crime we are not told in the summary of the judgment prepared "for the convenience of the press," which looks more like a textbook of history than a legal document. Had Hitler won the war, Great Britain would undoubtedly have been named the aggressor since it declared war on Germany after the Nazis invaded Poland. In his foreword to Professor Sheldon Glueck's recent book, "The Nürnberg Trial and Aggressive War," Justice Jackson said that "by any possible definition of aggression, this war was aggressive in its plotting and execution." If this contention is granted, then Justice Jackson should be able to furnish us at least one out of several possible definitions of aggression to appease our juridical conscience. But instead of going to the elementary trouble of formulating a definition of aggressive war, the Nürnberg court, in the words of Professor Glueck, "avoided wrangles over definitions and dealt with the challenge—is it a crime to make a war of aggression?" It is strange, considering the possibility of divergent definitions—no legalistic mind is needed to find the hitch—that the Tribunal should have been able to give a correct answer without a knowledge of the question.

In Chapter III of his book Dr. Glueck uses similar sleight-of-hand to reach the conclusion that aggressive war *is* an international crime. He begins by confessing that during the preparation of an earlier book he was "not at all certain that the acts of launching and conducting an aggressive war could be regarded as an 'international crime.'" But later he states that "further reflection upon the problem has led me to the conclusion that for the purpose of conceiving aggressive war to be an international crime, the Pact of Paris, together with other treaties and resolutions, may be regarded as evidence of a sufficiently developed *custom* to be acceptable as international law." Now, Professor Glueck's own investigations reveal a number of interesting features in these treaties and resolutions. The Pact of Paris, in spite of outlawing war, did not make its violation a crime. The Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance (1923) failed in fact of adoption because of the major objection "that it would be difficult to define what act would comprise aggression." The famous Geneva Protocol never came into effect. The Washington Conference (1928) condemned war in general without attempting to differentiate between types of war. The Rio Anti-War Treaty (1933), condemning wars of aggression, and other similar declarations used the term "crime" in a poetic rather than a legal sense. Therefore, as even Professor Glueck and the Nürnberg Tribunal have to admit, the "crimes against peace" are "strictly speaking not based upon proof of the breach of any specific provision of any of the international treaties or conventions."

What, then, is the legal basis for considering aggressive war an international crime? According to Professor Glueck, it is "the crystallization of generally prevailing opinion" and "the existence of a widespread custom." However, he is aware of the requirement "of a very long if not immemorial usage to establish a customary rule either in common or international law," but thinks that because "of the tremendous technological development of the present epoch... the time requirement for the legal validity of custom in the field must, correspondingly, be telescoped." Although in the concept of a

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military tribunal the adjective is supposed to dominate the noun, the application of atomic energy or of the speed of rocket planes to the tempo of customary law seems to overrate the spiritual repercussion of "technological development."

With Dr. Glueck's conclusion that there is "evidence of a sufficiently developed custom" to justify the conception of aggressive war as an international crime his own remark that "every custom must have a beginning some time" seems to be inconsistent, as does also the general reaction of the press, which hailed the Nürnberg judgment as a valuable precedent—except a few papers which thought it foolish to say that this is a precedent because they do not recognize the slight difference between the rules of international law and the slaughter of defeated kings and populations in ancient times.

Victor powers can do almost anything. They might have even proclaimed a law in Germany defining aggressive war and setting the punishment for violation of this law; and by a dictate they could have made it retroactive, in contradiction to Article 9 of the Constitution of the United States. What they cannot do, however, is to declare that a custom exists. Because the precedents creating the customary rule are more powerful than any statute, which might be abrogated by custom.

Those who are so enthusiastic about the precedent set by the Nürnberg judgment have apparently never heard of the college professor from the Middle West who visited Oxford. Meeting an English friend in a college quad, the American asked why some people crossed the lawn while others went around it. "Because," was the answer, "it has been the custom for over three centuries to allow only dons to cross the quad." "Oh, I see," said the American. On returning to Missouri or wherever his college was, he posted the following notice on the bulletin board: "From today on the three-hundred-year-old custom begins that undergraduates must not cross the campus." It will take, if not centuries, a considerable time to find out whether the Nürnberg judgment has really set a precedent by making the violation of international treaties a crime. After all, it was early in the seventeenth century that Hugo Grotius proclaimed the rule *Pacta sunt servanda*—treaties must be respected. And the Nazis were certainly not the first to disregard it.

One of the columnists was emphatic that the "Nürnberg trial upholds our justice," apparently meaning Anglo-American and not international justice, but I am not too confident of that. Nor would I subscribe to the editorial which heralded: "The world will accept [the verdict] as both a magnificent achievement and a long step toward a new conception of international justice which makes future peace more secure." Reaction to the judgment abroad hardly justifies this optimism. I would not follow those writers who declare that the "new legal rules and standards now become integral parts of international law." What really happened at Nürnberg was a revolution in traditional law and jurisprudence. And since law is essentially conservative, it is hard to foretell whether the "precedents" will ever truly be precedents at all.

The judgment and the punishments imposed may, however, be looked at from different angles. Some comments see the judgment as "an international decalogue that all aggressors will have to reckon with in the future." This means that whatever its legal value the judgment will have a deterrent effect on future aggressors. But faith in deterrent punishment has very much decreased in the past hundred years. "There is considerable doubt," we are told by Professor Reckless in his book "Criminal Behavior," "that punishment has as much deterrent value as the justification presupposes." Barnes and Tecters call this belief in deterrence childish, and assert—in "New Horizons in Criminology"—that the "deterrent effect of capital punishment, even if it existed, is largely lost because of the mild modern methods of executing the death penalty." It is a well-known fact that at a time when pickpockets were still hanged in England pickpockets were frequently caught red-handed in the crowd watching the executions.

The reason for the failure of deterrence is obvious. While punishment, and in particular capital punishment, impresses the honest man, it has less effect on the prospective criminal. Perhaps his motive to commit the crime is so strong that it obliterates the dread of the consequences, or perhaps he hopes to evade the consequences by not being caught. Similarly the psychology of prospective aggressors, political or military, is so self-centered that the failure of their venture does not occur to them. Caesar would scarcely have been deterred by being told that he would be stabbed by Brutus, or Napoleon by the possibility of being deported to St. Helena. Dictators, tyrants, generals, conquerors, and other dangerous specimens of mankind do not react to motives as do Mrs. Grundy and Joe Doakes. Therefore, I am afraid, the judgment cannot be excused by the hope of intimidating future aggressors.

Nevertheless, we have to admit the procedure was fair, and that with respect to the observance of legal formalities, the piling up of an unprecedented amount of evidence, and dignified conduct, it was unimpeachable. Whether it does substantiate justice *in abstracto* is another question. According to Froude justice without wisdom is impossible. Not the Tribunal was lacking in wisdom but those statesmen who were so scared by the idea of revolution, which after all is the normal consequence of defeat, that they embarked upon the hopeless task of settling a war and the fascist-Nazi revolution by the application of non-existent legal rules.

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Pre-Election U. S. A.

BY ROBERT BENDINER

II. Bay State Prospects

Boston, Massachusetts

MASSACHUSETTS, unlike Connecticut, offers no happy hunting ground for Republicans in search of additional Congressmen. Its Washington delegation has been overwhelmingly Republican for years, and its few Democratic districts are too safe to give G. O. P. Chairman Carroll Reece much cause for hope. It is the Democrats who may pick up a seat or two in this state, though the odds are slightly against it.

Of the fourteen Massachusetts Representatives in the Seventy-ninth Congress, and in the Congress before that, ten were Republicans and four Democrats. In terms of the total vote, however, the state is about evenly divided between the two parties, which will give you an idea of how shamelessly and skilfully Republican legislatures have gone about their gerrymandering.

Even Bob Hannegan will probably concede that seven of the state's districts will without fail return their present Republican Congressmen, every one of them to the right of Senator Vandenberg. In these rock-ribbed areas reelection of Republicans is automatic, with strict party voting in Congress the only qualification. One of these incrusted incumbents is reported to have made only one full-length speech on the floor of the House in his sixteen years of service, and that was on a bill concerning carrier pigeons.

Similarly, two traditionally Democratic districts, the Seventh and Twelfth, will send back their incumbents with no more than a show of opposition; and in Boston's Eleventh—now represented by Curley—Joseph Kennedy's young son John, who bills himself as a "fighting conservative," will have little more trouble in coming through than a Democrat would in Mississippi. The "fighting conservative" played so freely with the family fortune during the primary fight that jokesters around the State House took to wearing twenty-dollar bills in their lapels as "Kennedy campaign buttons." But he need not have been so lavish. The Kennedy name is powerful, and the opposition was slight. Having missed their chance in the primary, the P. A. C. and other independent groups are sitting this one out.

In the four remaining districts the Republicans have a chance to pick up one additional seat, that of P. J. Philbin in the centrally located Third. The seat has been Democratic in the past three elections, but in the last mid-term poll the margin of victory was just over 700 votes. No organized effort is being made for Philbin by the independents, however, because while he did well enough on labor legislation, his voting record on the OPA, foreign policy, atomic controls, and civil liberties was slightly less commendable than that of John Rankin.

Democratic leaders and the P. A. C. people here are resting their hopes on capturing the First, Second, and Fourteenth. A steady drift of Irish and Polish workers from Boston to the industrial towns in the western part of the state has been showing itself in the proportionally increasing Democratic vote in Pittsfield, Holyoke, and Springfield. I wouldn't say that the betting favors Democrats John Falvey and Foster Furcolo to replace Republican incumbents in the First and Second, but they have a chance—particularly Falvey, whose opponent, John Heselton, barely skinned through in 1944. Both Heselton and Charles Clason, who represents the Second, are solemnly campaigning on the unimpeachable issue of flood control.

Aside from the effort of Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., to grab the seat of his aging mentor, Senator Walsh, the only contest in the state worth national attention is the David-Goliath struggle going on in the Fourteenth. In this district, gerrymandered so as to eliminate sure-fire Democratic wards around Fall River while adding the traditionally Republican town of Wellesley, Martha Sharp is trying to bring to a close the twenty-two-year Congressional career of Joe Martin, minority leader and potential Speaker of the House. This is the kind of assignment that is usually foisted on a party dray-horse, which is precisely the type of opposition that Martin has had to contend with in the past eleven elections. It is no wonder that he has been thrown off guard to find himself confronted by a young, attractive, and intelligent woman, an excellent speaker with a well-thought-out program, determined to win and convinced that she will.

Martha Sharp and her staff, quartered at the Hotel Touraine, have been waging an uphill fight, but they are hopeful—and with reason. She has advantages that no other opponent of Joe Martin's has ever brought into a race against him. In a district with large French-Canadian and Portuguese elements, she can appeal to voters in both languages. What is more, she has decorations from the Paris and Lisbon governments for relief work as agent of the Unitarian Service Committee, the Red Cross, and the United States Committee for Care of European Children. She holds the White Lion of Czechoslovakia, as well, for services to refugees of that

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country in 1939, and is an honorary member of Hadassah for having raised more than $300,000 for the United Jewish Appeal.

Organized labor is backing Mrs. Sharp to an unprecedented degree in the district, with the Textile Workers, the Amalgamated, the I.L.G.W., and the Railway Brotherhoods all giving active support. She has the benefit of a full-time P. A. C. agent (outside of Connecticut there are only two in all New England, I discovered). And while the P. A. C. itself has been unable to make a dent organizationally in the 80 per cent Catholic area around Fall River and Taunton, some 485 shop stewards have been successfully promoting a large registration and are pledged to get out the vote in November. In no other district in New England is labor putting on so thorough a campaign.

Representative Martin

Mrs. Sharp herself has thrown enormous energy into the fight, speaking constantly in the thirty-four towns of the district. She stresses housing, which is unbelievably bad up this way, full employment, an adequate minimum wage, fair employment practices, a national health and education program, social security, and a foreign policy liberal enough to include American initiative in the surrender of bases to the United Nations. In addition, of course, she points out Martin's failure to bring new industry to Fall River, which has lost more than half of the 106 textile mills it had when he first took office. The charge is that Martin would rather have a pool of unemployed than a sharp demand for labor. He talks often of deepening Fall River's harbor to stimulate commerce, and early in the autumn of every election year a dredge appears offshore. Workmen survey the problem, but all that the dredge raises is fleeting hopes. By the tenth of November it vanishes, the workmen depart, and nothing more is said of the project until the next campaign rolls around.

On the other side of the ledger, the Sharp people find themselves up against powerful forces. The northern part of the district is Yankee and Republican by tradition. The southern part is poor, dominated by the church, and politically primitive—ideal territory for a politician of unlimited cynicism and limited scruples, in short, for Joe Martin. Until recently Martin kept himself well in the background, but now he is nervously making door-to-door calls in the town of Wellesley, whose surprised citizens have never before had the pleasure of meeting their Representative. His agents have been at work for some time, seeing to it that he is all things to all men. Where it will do good it is even being whispered that "José Marteen" is really of Portuguese stock, while in the rural areas Martha Sharp's linguistic fluency is being given an ominous twist—something "foreign" about her, and therefore suspect. Throughout the district the red-label technique is being worked for all it is worth, which is considerable. Her Czechoslovak decoration soon became, for Republican campaign purposes, a Yugoslav award, from which it was an easy step to brand her a "friend of Tito."

The truth is that Martha Sharp's manager is a genial Irish Catholic and she herself pursues a radicalism no redder than Franklin Roosevelt's. Although the P. A. C. has given her a full-time campaigner, she has received little organizational help and is in fact handicapped by lack of funds. Nevertheless, her chances of winning are good enough to have thrown a very real scare into the Republican camp. For a hard-crusted veteran like Martin to be defeated—and perhaps done out of the Speakership—by a progressive and politically unknown amateur would be a humiliation hard for the G. O. P. to swallow.

It is a pity that Martha Sharp cannot play on the marked inclination, running strong throughout the country, to oust the "ins." Naturally enough, that appeal is ruled out here, since the party's nominee for the Senate, David I. Walsh, has been an "in"—not counting a short stretch between 1924 and 1926—for lo, these twenty-eight years. He went to the Senate in 1928 as the first Massachusetts Democrat elected to that body since the Civil War.

Caricatures by Seligson

Senator Walsh

Between Walsh and Lodge Massachusetts liberals are less torn over which to vote for than which to vote against. Lodge is trying hard to live down his isolationist record, not to mention his grandfather's, but his pretensions to Willkie Republicanism are unconvincing, and I find that Lodge himself is profoundly distrusted. Walsh, who like Lodge was one of the most rabid of pre-Pearl Harbor isolationists, makes no claim to having seen the light of One World,

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preferring to base his appeal to the left on his generally pro-labor voting record. I had the chance to see his answers to a questionnaire prepared by the local Citizens' P. A. C., and aside from the question of breaking relations with Spain, which none of the candidates favored, his replies were well over on the New Deal side. Labor will vote for him, without cheers—just as it will probably vote to reelect Governor Tobin—largely because it is used to his well-established faults and virtues, whereas the youthful and cagy Lodge is looked upon as an unreliable and potentially dangerous figure.

The contest for governor in this state has stirred up hardly any more enthusiasm among liberals than the senatorial campaign, with Tobin enjoying a mild preference over Republican Robert F. Bradford. Beneath a thin surface of harmony, the intra-party feud between Curley and Tobin is still intense. At the Democratic convention, the Mayor and Governor embraced, but only after Curley had said to the delegates, "I don't think any man could be more vicious and cruel than he has been to me." While the regular party vote may not be disrupted by Curley's dubious tribute to the head of the ticket, the incident is not likely to encourage those marginal votes that Tobin will need in what is certain to be a close race.

[*Next week Ernest Kirschten, of the St. Louis* Star-Times, *will consider the pre-election situation in Missouri.*]

The Melody Is Gone

BY HENRY ZON

Washington, October 1

"SENATOR, we're a team, and when the President gives the word, we move." Harry Hopkins, appearing before the Senate Commerce Committee one cold January day in 1939, stated thus the credo of New Dealers in the government service. Today the men and women who regarded themselves as members of the team have left the government service, or are seeking the nearest exit, or are wasting their talents on routine government work.

"If lawyers," one of them said recently, "could solve the problem of how to practice law without clients, Washington would see the greatest exodus since 1812." Another, long on the legal staff of the National Labor Relations Board, confessed a few days ago that among all the men who had seen the board through its trying years not one would refuse a decent offer.

New Dealers who have stayed in the government have done so in the belief that liberalism is a workable doctrine able to survive the loss of a leader, even though that leader was such a one as Franklin D. Roosevelt. Some regret with bitterness that Roosevelt did not give the liberal, idealistic, and enthusiastic government servants he gathered around him a freer hand to create a lasting structure. As far back as 1934 a memorandum submitted to an important New Deal official declared that too many details were taken care of in the White House and that more thought should be given to the maintenance of the liberal cadres then being formed.

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Such philosophic meditations are not sufficient to hold the Robert Nathans, James L. Flys, and Ganson Purcells. The chance to develop a long-term political theory does not compensate for daily frustration. Before April, 1945, the White House had magic, gave inspiration. Mr. Roosevelt was "the Boss" who could use the tools handed him, who could apply the facts and theories, who could provide a solution to vexing problems, who could perk up lagging spirits. A store of anecdotes illuminate this aspect of Roosevelt's personality.

There is the story of how he sent the press section of the NRA a corrected handout, in his own handwriting, pointing up an obscure phase of the program. There is the story of how he baffled Oscar Johnston, manager of the government cotton pool, one day after Johnston had battled personally with an $1,800-a-year clerk in the State Department over the width of the left-hand margin on an important executive order which Johnston was trying to rush through to approval. As Johnston came into the famous gadget-cluttered oval room, the President looked up and said without the trace of a smile, "Oscar, I'm afraid I can't sign this order." Johnston, bristling, wanted to know why not. "Well, you see," retorted the President, still poker-faced, "the left-hand margin is half an inch too narrow."

"Now," according to a departed New Dealer, "if you can get in to see Truman at all you have a feeling that he's just another government official in just another government office. There's no dazzle, no inspiration. Just apathy." "You will notice," he said, "that people around Washington still mean Roosevelt when they say 'the President'; they refer to the present White House occupant as 'Mr. Truman.'"

Admittedly it is unfair to compare Truman with Roosevelt. The nation suffers from war weariness. Peo-

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ple are tired of reform, and pressures are not what they were in the thirties. The bright-eyed lawyers just out of Harvard, Yale, and Columbia who showed the Wall Street law firms legal tricks they never thought existed are older, with responsibilities they did not have ten years ago. Many are nervous about the prospects of a Republican victory in 1948 and the loss of their jobs.

The whole problem of personnel turnover has been discussed with Mr. Truman by men who have left for the greener pastures of private endeavor. They report him apathetic. He is inclined to feel that the retention of desirable people is solely a matter of raising the salary ceiling. Any criticism of Secretary of the Treasury John W. Snyder, Reconversion Director John R. Steelman, or RFC Director George E. Allen he brushes aside impatiently. The less people bother him the better he likes it, and the feeling extends down through his subordinates. Symptomatic of the Administration's attitude was Allen's recent remark in an interview: "My philosophy is what you might call strictly a bromide. I believe a majority of people will eventually arrive at the right solution of any question that comes along—so why stew about it till they do?"

The list of those who have resigned is a long one. The important names have been printed in the daily papers, but hundreds on the lower levels have slipped out unnoticed to scratch around for themselves, and thousands of others are eyeing the door. The lengthening list of law firms in Washington is indicative. A client can have his choice of former Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold, former Under Secretary of the Interior Abe Fortas, former OPA General Counsel David Ginsburg, former Assistant WPB General Counsel Henry H. Fowler, the former head of the Board of Immigration Appeals, Joseph Fanelli, and the former head of the Department of Justice's Claims Division, Frank Shea.

The replacements are different too. Washington is no longer the goal of the law-review men. Professors can no longer inspire their classes by citing recent graduates who have made their mark in government service. It is more important to have a connection with Battery D, 129th Field Artillery, than with Felix Frankfurter. Mediocrity and a willingness to ignore issues are in demand.

A foreign diplomat described the turn of the wheel in a very much off-the-record conversation with newspapermen. "When Mr. Roosevelt was in the White House," he said, "every day there, with its air of delightful expectancy, seemed like Christmas." "Now," he added sadly, "every day is just Thursday."

British Labor at the Crossroads

BY AYLMER VALLANCE

London, September 30

CHRONICLING contemporary history requires one, as your correspondent is painfully aware, to fit into place pieces of a jigsaw puzzle whose final pattern has yet to be decided by largely unpredictable future events. Looking back over the past two months, abnormally wet and cheerless even for an English summer, one sees an untidy disarray of political odds and ends. Pieced together, they begin to make a picture of growing disappointment. When Parliament meets again on October 8, Labor M. P.'s will reassemble with the pretty general conviction that during the recess the government's stock, particularly among its own supporters, has fallen. It is all very well to say that those who vote for a political change either because, as Oscar Wilde said of entrants into matrimony, "they are tired or because they are curious" are inevitably disappointed. The electorate who voted Labor into power in the summer of 1945 is disappointed for tangible reasons which it is increasingly inclined to voice.

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To begin with, the common man, and more particularly the trade-unionist, is at last asking aloud where Bevinism is going to take him. Up to a point he was ready to accept the Foreign Office line, plugged by the whole British press with the exception of the *Daily Worker,* that the Russians were aggressive and must be taught good neighborliness. This line made a natural appeal to people who instinctively dislike the hectoring fellow who throws his weight about in the pub. But ready though he was at first to regard with humorous approval the spectacle of Ernest Bevin getting tough with Mr. Molotov, the British workingman has lately begun to view the issue with more judicial eyes. Monarchist reaction in Greece, made possible only by the backing of British bayonets, shook him, and news of the spread of civil war in northern Greece prompted anxious questionings whether British troops might not soon be involved in support of the crowned leader of the Populist Party.

Then, as the Peace Conference pursued its interminable wrangles, it began to be noted that every proposal made by the U. S. S. R. seemed to be automatically opposed by Britain or America—simply because it was Russian. Labor supporters as far removed from the Communist Party as Mr. Attlee himself began to ask whether

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it was really a vital interest for the British working class that Trieste, for example, should be treated as an Anglo-American colony and garrisoned, regardless of its inhabitants' wishes, by G. I.'s and Tommies. They began to look more closely into the real motives behind the apparent determination of Mr. Bevin and Mr. Byrnes to secure "freedom of trade" on the Danube—a demand backed by American retention of Danube shipping belonging to the riparian states and by British championship of the dispossessed oil interests in Rumania. Just why, they wondered, were negotiations in hand for a great expansion of trade with Franco Spain? Why were more and more prominent ex-Nazis being appointed to key posts in the German administration of the British zone? And why must we convert Palestine, in place of Egypt, into a great military base? Above all, why should we spare troops for this and that ambitious foreign commitment when labor shortage was holding back the production of goods and the progress of reconstruction at home?

Aneurin Bevan

Into that atmosphere of increasing disquiet the speech of Henry Wallace and still more his letter to President Truman fell like a bombshell. The Tory press and, significantly enough, the official organ of the Labor Party, the *Daily Herald,* did their best to offset the effect of Wallace's appeal for a new approach to the U. S. S. R. by playing up his brief and almost incidental criticism of British imperialism. Here, it was said, was a "head-in-the-air" idealist who had listened to Communist or anti-British Zionists and was talking nonsense. Was not Britain withdrawing from India and Egypt in a most un-imperialist way? This effort, however, to misrepresent Wallace by underlining out of its context one passage of his theme was not wholly successful. The common man here took in enough of Wallace's purport to realize that a member of the United States Cabinet, after weighing all the relevant facts, had come to the conclusion that the Byrnes-Bevin line had in it a definite threat of war. Realization of this brought foreign policy with a bang right into the working-class kitchen and the pub at the corner. Ernest Bevin began to be seen not as a bluff British working-class version of Palmerston but as an ineffectual stooge of American big-business policy. Had the Foreign Secretary forgotten that he was a member of a Socialist government? Had Britain nothing to contribute in the way of positive Socialist policy? With respect to Europe must it be left to Mr. Churchill at Zurich to repeat, without a word of dissent from Downing Street, his plea for an anti-Soviet bloc, and for Mr. Eden, oddly contradicting his leader, to reciprocate Stalin's suggestion, in his interview with Alex Werth, that a Communist East and a Social Democratic West of Europe might find between them a *modus vivendi?*

In the new session of Parliament there will be not far short of 100 Labor M. P.'s—of whom only a few can fairly be described as "fellow-travelers"—who are radically opposed to the Foreign Secretary's policy. In the country their point of view—that Britain cannot afford to be tied up with the diplomacy of the United States Department of State and that we must choose, and choose soon, between formulating a Socialist foreign policy of our own and drifting into an inevitable third war—is gaining more and more adherents. So far as foreign policy is concerned, the Labor government is seen as having arrived at the parting of the ways.

And it is not only with regard to foreign policy that the British public has the sense of being at a crossroads. Two significant developments at home have marked the summer months—the campaign for a "closed shop" in industry and the squatter movement. Both have been spontaneous popular ebullitions, arising out of the same feeling of frustration. The prelude to both was the ignominious retreat conducted by the Minister of Supply in the question of nationalizing the steel industry. Unlike the bankrupt coal industry, steel, the common man realized, was one of the key strong points on which the politically worsted bourgeoisie of England was relying for its retention of economic power. Judge, then, the Labor voter's dismay when he heard that nationalization was to be postponed and that the only control over private enterprise in steel was to be exercised by a board consisting of two steel magnates, two "middle-of-the-road" trade-unionists drawn from the industry, and a big-business accountant from Glasgow as chairman. This form of control, which means that the public funds the industry must have for reconstruction will be spent pretty much at their own sweet will by the tycoons of the Iron and Steel Federation, was viewed as evidence that the government was too weak seriously to challenge a well-organized capitalist lobby. Would the result, it was asked, be any different in the line-up between the Cabinet and the powerful pressure groups being organized by the managements of the railways, the road-haulage corporations, and electricity and gas, all slated theoretically for early nationalization?

The mood of doubt thus engendered had as its first direct consequence the agitation for a "closed shop." And this campaign was not, as the Tory press tried to repre-

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sent it, a move by trade-union leaders to increase their empires; it was a rank-and-file movement, canalized through the shop stewards and carried forward with a vigor which disconcerted the statesmen-like heads of Transport House. It was a signal that the working class was preparing for direct action, if need be.

Then came the squatters. More direct action, and this time with a touch of illegality in it. The first squatting was in empty military camps which apathetic councils and dilatory departments in Whitehall had failed to utilize, as they might have done, for improvised accommodation for the homeless. This received official toleration, indeed tacit approval. Aneurin Bevan, the Minister of Health, declared himself "in sympathy," and the Ministry of Works bestirred itself to see that sanitation was improved and water and other services laid on. But the next phase of squatting caused a violent revulsion on the government's part. Under the lead of local Communist organizers, squatters invaded blocks of luxury flats and large mansions in London which had been requisitioned for war purposes and had been lying empty for many months. Here was an attack on private property. The Tory press clamored for a strong hand; and the government, asserting, correctly enough, that no private individual—and still less the mischief-making Communist Party—could be allowed to take on itself the right to decide on the allocation of dwellings, appealed to the courts for eviction orders, promptly obtained them, and compelled the squatters to evacuate.

None the less, the demonstration—and it was in fact no more than an orderly and quite good-humored demonstration, far removed from the "Marxist anarchy" which the Tory press saw in it—was not without effect. It brought home the human misery created by the present acute housing shortage; it shook up lax local authorities into doing much more to requisition unused property for the benefit of the homeless and overcrowded; and it threw a glaring limelight on the extent to which Bevan's housing plan, which has so far resulted in the completion of barely 20,000 permanent houses, is being sabotaged by the black market in building. Not merely have licenses for unnecessary repairs and improvements in well-to-do dwellings been issued with a profligate hand by local authorities, in some of which corruption is rampant, but it has now been disclosed that in London alone 40,000 registered building workers have "disappeared" into unlicensed black-market jobs. Contractors have started the construction of municipally ordered working-class houses and then diverted their operatives to more profitable private orders. The labor force actually engaged on working-class house building is pitifully small; and to be fair to the building employers it must be added that the operatives' output is not much more than half of what it was before the war.

Here we come to what is perhaps the crux of the matter. The British people today, by and large, are not putting their backs into it. It is not merely a question of production being held up by absolute labor shortage, though that will exist until we cut our foreign commitments and demobilize another million men; and it is not merely a question of bottlenecks in the supply of raw materials and components, though that too is occasionally a trouble. Whether we take the coal mines, the engineering shops, or the textile factories, evidence is overwhelming that output could be enormously increased without unduly fatiguing operatives if labor really did its utmost. What is lacking is the incentive. It has been emphasized more than once in this correspondence during the past year that the halfway house between capitalism and socialism which the Labor government has tried to build might be rendered unlivable by the reluctance of the working people to give their best for a society still ruled predominantly by the motives of private profit and selfish interest.

To some extent, of course, the present incidence of pay-as-you-earn taxation militates against readiness to work overtime or to increase earnings beyond the point at which the tax abruptly rises. To some extent, too, workers, and particularly women, complain that it is no use sweating to make more money when there is so little to buy in the shops. But neither of these arguments really holds water. Even taxed, a fat wage packet has more appeal than a thin one; and actually—despite the current quip that the present "Britain Can Make It" exhibition ought to be called the "Britain Can't Buy It" exhibition—the necessary priority given to export trade is leaving a steadily increasing quantity of consumers' goods available for the home market. J. B. Priestley came much nearer the mark in a recent article in the *Daily Herald* on incentives in the new Britain. He wrote that what was lacking at present was the "chariot of fire." Looking for some such sign in the sky, the British people today are left in doubt whether, as they dreamed last summer, they are really being led toward a Socialist commonwealth, or whether, after one year's instalment of progressive social reform, the tendency will be to drift back into acceptance—for the most part—of the capitalist status quo. Perhaps the next session of Parliament will clarify the matter.

What is certain is that British Labor is at the crossroads. If the government is prepared resolutely to challenge vested interests and to apply positive Socialist policy both at home and abroad, it will be followed solidly by its supporters, and it will evoke from the whole British working class a new readiness to toil with a will. If not, there is a dismal prospect of the political Labor Party splitting into factional left and right, and of reconstruction degenerating into a cynical campaign by organized labor to secure sectionally every advantage it can out of an acquisitive society.

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The People's Front

ON OCTOBER 1, the tenth anniversary of his nomination as rebel chief of state, General Franco delivered a speech at Burgos in which he boasted that despite Spain's economic difficulties his regime was stronger than ever. The dictator was obviously referring to its international position, and on this score his optimism was fully justified. The summer, which was full of menace, had passed, leaving him on the best of terms with London and Washington.

During the summer British diplomacy gently explored the possibility of a change in Spain, not with the idea of restoring the republic but in order to set up a government less vulnerable to foreign criticism. The maneuver was a little naive since it was based on a belief in the reliability of the Spanish generals. Had Mr. Bevin been willing to listen to the Republican leaders, they could easily have shown him how futile it was to build a policy around a handful of disappointed army officers. The Spanish military allowed themselves to be courted by British agents but adopted a policy of watchful waiting. The dictator had a simple method of dealing with his dissident generals: he gave them the alternative of being promoted or dismissed. With true patriotic fervor, they accepted promotion. When it came to the old army game, Franco never doubted for a moment that he would beat the British Ambassador, Sir Victor Mallet.

So, after three months of timid attempts at "democratizing" Spain, British foreign policy finds itself back where it started. Its objective is very clear: to do everything possible to avoid a showdown in Spain, to help Franco by increased trade and by counsels of moderation, to prevent the Security Council or General Assembly from giving practical application to the San Francisco and Potsdam resolutions: in a word to let the Spanish issue die of inanition. In this, London has the support of Washington, and both capitals have the blessing of Pius XII, the real promoter of the policy of saving the last fascist regime "for Christianity."

It is no blind hatred of the church that prompts me time and again to underline the role of Rome in fostering a neofascism that would replace the swastika by the cross. Behind every anti-socialist cabal stands the Vatican. Only a few weeks ago, I am informed, in a farewell audience with a group of American Catholic officers, the Pope expressed the hope that "the gallant American army, which rendered such eminent services to civilization, would again be at its post in the decisive struggle against the enemies of Christianity." In less theological words he invited the Americans "to come back soon and fight Russia."

Franco is enchanted with the Western democracies. Not so the Spanish people. Writing in the London *News Chronicle* about his recent clandestine visit to Spain, Captain Francis Noel-Baker, a Labor M. P., said, "My friends of the opposition movement repeatedly warned me that British prestige was falling fast." And he added, "Communist influence in Spain is still weak, but Russia, which so far as they can see is their only active friend abroad, is rapidly winning the sympathy of Republicans all over the country."

The Republicans need not see very far to reach that conclusion. Recently an interesting struggle has been going on in the United Nations Economic and Social Council between the British and American delegates, trying to open a door—if only a back door—to the Spanish dictator, and the Russian delegate, who at one point in the debate warned, "If we go on like this, one of these days we shall find ourselves sitting here along with a Franco representative." His warning was well timed. Only last Thursday the Council admitted Franco Spain to the International Civil Aviation Organization, a United Nations agency. When the republic is reestablished, surely we shall hear a lot of talk about Russian influence in Spain; in that day let our British and American friends remember how and when it was built up.

Though Franco seemed well satisfied with himself in his Burgos speech, he admitted a serious deterioration in the country's economy. Prices have climbed sky high, and he has run short of money to import food. I have before me a confidential report prepared by the Director of the Instituto Español de Moneda—which, needless to say, did not reach me through official Spanish channels. The document reveals that the huge reserves of foreign currency which Spain amassed during the war—Switzerland alone shipped in 260,000,000 Swiss francs—are gone. A corruption beyond words, in which the army and the Falange are heavily implicated, has practically wiped out the national resources. The Franco administration had the greatest difficulty in finding gold to cover a recent order for only 30,000,000 pesos worth of Argentine silk. It has been obliged to deprive the people of olive oil—one of their main staples—in an effort to build up sterling credits by exports to Britain. Now Franco is looking to Portugal, which has 110,000,000 pounds in foreign exchange deposited with British banks; he is hoping to negotiate a deal, with Anglo-American backing, in order to obtain some of this money. In discussing the monetary crisis, the report of the Instituto Español de Moneda suggests that "because of popular opposition to a public foreign loan, a more discreet form of credit must be visualized." Obviously this means loans negotiated through private banks.

The worsening of the economic situation has inevitably meant an increase in popular discontent, and this in turn has brought a new wave of government terror. The brief interlude of pretended tolerance is over. In recent days Franco has arrested, tortured, or executed dozens of Republicans, among them several Basque Catholics and the young resistance leader, Julio Nieto. This is the kind of regime which the Western democracies maintain in power in Spain while exhibiting such scrupulous anxiety over the fate of the democratic process in Eastern Europe.

DEL VAYO

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

The Railroads Plead Poverty

SHOULD you be at the Union Station, Washington, and happen to notice a portly gentleman with coat out of elbows and a battered hat, suppress the generous impulse that might lead you to spare him a dime. He is probably only a railroad president (salary, $100,000 plus) on his way to the Interstate Commerce Commission, where he will argue that the railroad industry is doomed unless freight rates are immediately raised 25 per cent.

Indeed, the show that railroad officials have been putting on before the ICC in recent weeks deserves commendation as the most effective tear-jerker of the year. On September 18 Dr. Julius H. Parmelee, director of the Bureau of Railroad Economics of the Association of American Railroads, presented statistics to prove that only ten of the thirty largest roads would have any net income in 1946. In fact, he declared, even if the full 25 per cent increase claimed was granted, they would still be in the red in 1947, while the industry taken as a whole would have a net income of only $250,000,000—much too small an amount to enable it to maintain its credit and do the job expected of it. Dr. Parmelee was followed the next day by leading executives of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the New York Central, and the Illinois Central, all of whom had pitiful tales to tell. The Pennsylvania representative said his company faced the most serious financial situation in its hundred-year history. Never before, he whimpered, had it operated at a loss, but this year, after allowing for carry-back tax credits, it would have a deficit of $14,616,000 and next year one of more than $9,000,000, even if the desired freight-rate increase was granted. Officials of the other two roads gave similarly gloomy forecasts, though they did concede the possibility of some trivial earnings in 1947.

Whether this statistical dirge shook the ICC we do not yet know, but it certainly shook the nerves of investors and led to heavy selling of railroad stocks and bonds. This inspired Robert R. Young, chairman of the Chesapeake and Ohio, whose avocation is writing advertisements, often very effective ones, to rush into the fray. In an open letter to Alfred Schindler, Acting Secretary of Commerce, who had suggested to the ICC that it might be wise to wait and see how traffic developed in the next few months, Mr. Young declared that "the stalling tactics of the commission" had forced the railroads "*to publicly predict calamity and bankruptcy by 1947*," thereby precipitating a market panic and the weakening of railroad credit (his italics and split infinitive). As a consequence, he warned, the railroads might be forced to abandon all their plans for improvements.

Against such prophecies of doom, it seems well to set the calmer estimate of the situation presented in *Barron's* of September 30. This organ of financial opinion said: "It is difficult to debate against the statistics presented by railroad officials . . . yet there are analysts in the railroad-securities field who feel that it would be only human nature if the chances for improved efficiency and savings in operating costs were played down." Moreover, the article implied, the railroads have had a double incentive to inflate costs during the current year. On the one hand, monthly operating deficits lend support to their case before the ICC; on the other, "the carry-back provisions of the tax law are an inducement to charge to operations this year every possible legitimate item of expense." In this connection it is interesting to note that in the first seven months of 1946 expenditure on maintenance of roads and structure by the Class I rails was 15.7 per cent of gross revenues, compared with 10 per cent in 1945, while that for maintenance of equipment was 19.9 per cent against 17.5 last year.

Now it is perfectly true that in the early months of this year the railroads suffered a sharp decline both in gross revenues and net income. Military traffic was dwindling rapidly, and civilian traffic was slow in expanding owing to reconversion difficulties and strikes. Then in May the railroad workers won advances in wages aggregating $675,000,000 annually. It was to cover this expense and the increased cost of materials that the railroads put forward their claim for a 25 per cent increase in freight rates, which would add about $1,000,000,000 annually to their takings. Recognizing a case for some immediate relief, the ICC granted a provisional 6½ per cent increase pending open hearings on the full claim.

The tendency of traffic since then has been upward, and the Shippers' Advisory Boards have just estimated that freight-car loadings in the final quarter will exceed those of the corresponding period in 1945 by 9.8 per cent. There is good reason to think that this improvement will carry over into 1947 and that railroad earnings, while not returning to their unprecedented war-time level, will compare very favorably with pre-war figures. A sharp reversal of present business trends would, of course, change the picture. But as railroad executives know very well, they cannot lift themselves out of a depression by raising their charges. That would only discourage customers and encourage competing forms of transport.

The war years brought back to the rails a prosperity which in the thirties they thought had vanished forever. Profits for the years 1941-45, inclusive, reached a grand total of $3,389,954,000, which compares with $421,249,999 for the five years 1936-40. As a result railroad corporations were able to pay off a large part of their bonded debt and thus cut fixed charges by some $125,000,000 annually. In addition, under the war-time amortization law they were able to write off completely the cost of new facilities and equipment of an estimated value of some $2,000,000,000. This means an important saving in costs since no further depreciation need be charged against this property, most of which will be as useful in peace as in war.

These war-time profits, together with the huge tax refunds which they can collect this year, should certainly be taken into account by the ICC before it permits the railroads to take the pauper's oath. And until they can prove that their estimates of 1947 revenues have not been cooked, they should not be given anything beyond the provisional relief already granted.

KEITH HUTCHISON

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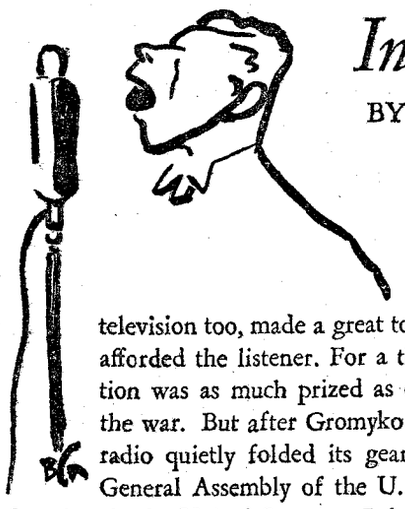

In One Ear

BY LOU FRANKEL

WHEN the Security Council of the U. N. met at Hunter College last spring, radio, and television too, made a great to-do about the coverage afforded the listener. For a time a U. N. accreditation was as much prized as one to SHAEF during the war. But after Gromyko took his famous walk, radio quietly folded its gear. On October 23 the General Assembly of the U. N. will meet, for the first time in the United States, at Lake Success. Again radio is scrambling for space, and again radio can be expected to pull out once the G. A. loses its hot-news appeal.

Radio men see nothing wrong in this. They say the sessions are hard to listen to—the windy speeches and translations tire the ear; once the news edge is dulled the listeners want to hear the regular commercial programs.

Radio, and almost everyone else, takes the U. N. for granted. It sees no need for cohesive, comprehensive support of the U. N., the sort of support radio gave the war effort. Consequently U. N. news is handled by the secondary echelons in radio, not by the top brass. To the newsmen a U. N. meeting is just another event competing for air time with the world series or the political conventions.

Radio's refusal to recognize that winning the peace is a bigger fight than winning the war results in an individual competitive approach to the U. N. instead of a cooperative effort by the whole industry. Thus NBC smartly outflanks its competitors by inveigling the U. N. into accepting a special NBC–U. N. week (October 20-26) of programs. NBC reaps a publicity harvest, the U. N. gets a number of programs, and the listener has the dubious privilege of staying up till 11:30 p.m. to hear these special broadcasts.

Thus also the National Association of Broadcasters bluntly ignores the U. N.'s request for time on the agenda of the first N. A. B. convention since the war. To the U. N. it is a chance to discuss U. N. needs and radio's problems in meeting them. But not to the N. A. B. Not until the U. N. had appealed to two N. A. B. board members did the association condescend to invite a U. N. representative to speak.

The big networks can take a cue from WMCA, WNYC, WQXR, or WLIB, all New York stations which have consistently covered the U. N.—WMCA best of all. Instead of broadcasting the boring translations, WMCA's Frank Kingdon and Ray Walsh used the time for commentary. In addition, WMCA fed KFWB in Hollywood, at first via a direct telephone line, at KFWB's expense, and later by air-express transcriptions. WLIB, the New York *Post* station, likewise sent air-express transcriptions to its sister stations KYA in San Francisco and KLAC in Los Angeles. When the General Assembly meets, WQXR will feed WPEN in Philadelphia, WMCA will resume its service to KFWB in Hollywood, and WLIB to KLAC and KYA.

What these stations do the networks can do also; the reason they have not done it is simply that the afternoon sessions of the U. N. conflict with network commercials.

Well, WMCA has an answer to that problem. To keep its commercial commitments and at the same time service the night-time audience, WMCA, in addition to airing the daytime U. N. meetings between commercials, transcribed every moment of every U. N. meeting. These recordings were then edited down into a half-hour documentary program and broadcast every evening. When the General Assembly convenes, WMCA will offer these transcriptions, via air express, to any interested station on a share-the-cost basis.

On the network level the only original thinking comes from the American Broadcasting Company. ABC is offering $250 for original scripts on problems in international relations, and hopes to broadcast these dramatic programs during the General Assembly meetings. The Bill Benton unit of the State Department short-waves a complete play-by-play report of the U. N. It is intended for foreign use, although a few domestic stations use the material.

Early this summer 600 domestic broadcasters, in reply to queries by the U. N., said they would carry U. N. programs when available; 150 of these stations said they were equipped to use short-wave material. For a time it seemed that Press Wireless, a commercial transatlantic service, could supply it. However, its application to operate this service was refused by the FCC. An appeal is now pending.

The WMCA procedure shows that radio can lick the commercial headache, the bugaboos of windy talk and tedious translations, and the problem of the evening listener.

The ABC program of original dramas, although still only in the idea stage, suggests what the networks could do.

The State Department short-wave station and the Press Wireless application clearly point the way for simple, fast, and inexpensive servicing of hinterland stations.

The recent change that came over WHN, a powerful and money-mad independent outlet in New York, offers a hint to the public. WHN put lines into Hunter College for the early sessions of the Security Council and then dropped them. But when Drew Pearson and his ex-partner Bob Allen applied to the FCC for the license of WBAL, the Hearst station in Baltimore, doubtless claiming that WBAL had not lived up to its public-service responsibilities, WHN rushed to the U. N. for permission to reinstate its equipment.

Try a little pressure on stations in *your* town.

WORTH HEARING

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY (NBC, Tuesdays). Prime American humor.

DURANTE AND MOORE (CBS, Fridays). Laughs galore.

ETERNAL LIGHT (NBC, Sundays). A dramatic sleeper.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR (CBS, daily). Get home early and catch one. Good for you and better for kids.

NEW WORLD A-COMING (WMCA, New York, Tuesdays). A dramatic documentary that tackles current events. Grade A.

HIROSHIMA. Original done by ABC. This reading of the John Hersey piece in the *New Yorker* must be heard. Recordings available to all stations.

LOU FRANKEL is continuity director of Station WHCU of Cornell. His page appears each week.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Politics and Imagination

THE PARTISAN READER, 1934-1944. Edited by William Phillips and Philip Rahv. Introduction by Lionel Trilling. The Dial Press. $3.75.

IN THE past six months George Orwell has received too much attention in the American press for anyone's comfort. It recalls the boom that James Burnham's "Managerial Revolution" enjoyed some time before the war. But neither boom was a surprise to *Partisan Review* subscribers, who had been reading these men for years in their favorite magazine. And where did most of us learn about existentialism, when that boom was first beginning, if not in *Partisan Review?* Ever since John Reed Club days its editors, William Phillips and Philip Rahv, have shown a fine flair for feeling out the areas of greatest cultural density. Running an unattached literary intelligencer, they have been able to print the most vivid documents of the modern imagination without regard to their underlying tendencies and, along with these, an intellectually liberating series of attacks, at once so brilliant and so inconsistent, on the stereotypes, delusions, and deceptions of American public thinking, both left and right.

This generous "Reader" reprints, of course, the most talked-of pieces, like the fascinating and repellent The Man in the Brooks Brothers Shirt, by Mary McCarthy, and such distinguished firsts as Eliot's The Dry Salvages and Kafka's In the Penal Colony, which have, however, been so exhaustively and repetitiously interpreted elsewhere that they have passed out of *Partisan Review's* sphere of influence. What want rereading much more urgently—considering the way the tide is running nowadays—are the critical pieces reprinted here, closer in spirit to the *Review's* own editorial position, by men like John Dewey, Sidney Hook, Ernest Nagel, Dwight Macdonald, James Burnham, and Meyer Schapiro. These analyze in the most devastating fashion some of the anti-rational formulas which are increasingly being passed off as truisms in current critical discussion.

But these names also suggest that the policy of the *Partisan Review* is not easily defined. The editors, in their valuable postscript, call it an independent, critical Marxism. Such fine studies included here as those of Rahv on Dostoevski, and Edmund Wilson on Flaubert, and Clement Greenberg on Avant-Garde and Kitsch show how the Marxian view gives breadth and depth and prevents transcendental indulgences. But "independent" Marxism is necessarily rather anomalous. Marxism understands the world by changing it, and the way to change it is to organize. *Partisan Review* has no organizational connections or influence, and it is not much interested in practical politics in this country, in the situation in the trade unions, for instance. The editors themselves were never very whole-hearted party people, and they broke with Stalinism when they could no longer stand the air in M. Vishinsky's courtrooms. Instead of abandoning socialism, however, they increasingly urged a definition of it that gave primacy to individual integrity and democratic rights. This course took them so far to the other side of the liberals that in the summer of 1946 a featured editorial in *Partisan Review* attacked the liberal publications as the unprincipled fifth column of Russian world conquest.

Beside the anomaly of *Partisan Review's* independent Marxism is the further anomaly that much of its imaginative material and intellectual support comes from writers like Auden, Trilling, Kafka, and Eliot, whose attack on the liberal imagination proceeds from such very different premises. In the John Reed Club period Phillips and Rahv found official Stalinism destructive of artistic quality, and when the magazine became independent in 1937 they sought a free wedding of unattached Marxism and modern artistic sensibility. W H. Auden's defense of Yeats in "The Partisan Reader" reveals some incompatibilities of this marriage.

Though Yeats was anti-democratic and pro-fascist, Auden says, he showed himself in his sensibility and in the diction of his poetry to be a just man. Yeats and Eliot have been the supreme examples of modern sensibility for many critics. Their artistic practice and their own rationalizations of it have been largely responsible for the critical assumptions that prevail in the non-political literary quarterlies which share writers with *Partisan Review*. These assumptions make the sensibility necessary for true poetry dependent on an ascending relationship of symbols, myths, and religious dogmas, for symbols, myths, and dogmas invalidate intellectual analysis, and it is intellectual analysis which destroys tension. It was never certain that Yeats believed in the eclectic occultism which gave him images for his poetry, but to maintain it he had to attack all rationalism in philosophy and government, repeating Nietzsche's accusation that British philosophy had twice brought about a general depression of European intelligence. "There are truths which are best recognized by mediocre minds because they are best adapted to them."

Younger writers brought up in the tradition of Yeats and Eliot have embraced, in the interests of poetic tension and an ascent from mediocrity, a wide variety of faiths or myths, Eastern and Western, Calvinist and Thomist, gnostic and existential. The individual creeds are often theologically monstrous, as Randall Jarrell proved in *Partisan Review* last year by a brilliant review of Auden's dogmatics, and the incompatibilities of these revealed truths are not likely to cure the skeptic of the relativism of which he is fiercely accused. But in order to create an atmosphere in which belief can flourish, these writers unite in the attack that is now widely fashionable on rational "reductive" analysis, on systematic causative explanations, particularly of the Marxian and Freudian kind, and on anything that savors of naturalism, positivism, or disbelief in original sin.

Partisan Review has energetically rejected supernaturalism even though it has shared the sensibility and printed the work of those who embrace it. This rejection, together with the isolated, alienated character of its Marxism, has left little

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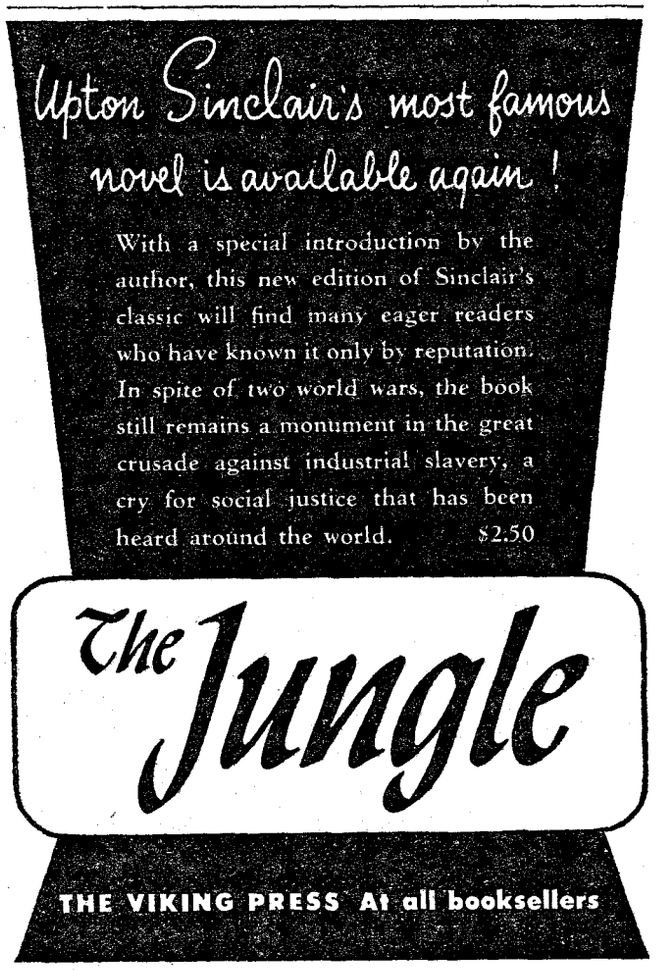
positive ground for the *Review* to stand on, a fact which comes out rather painfully in the non-critical pieces. There is a fine humanity in the intimate studies of Joyce, Proust, and Cotton Mather, and in Paul Goodman's witty The Facts of Life. But nearly all the fiction and a good deal of the poetry reveal the attenuation of personality and of the dramatic imagination that comes when sensitive and intelligent people feel themselves outside of social life, even though it fascinates and preoccupies them. The stories by Mary McCarthy, Lionel Trilling, Delmore Schwartz, H. J. Kaplan, Saul Bellow, Isaac Rosenfeld, and Elizabeth Bishop are wonderfully acute and honest, but their central characters are strikingly similar in their isolation, instability, and lack of self-confidence. They feel alternately their own unreality and the unreality of the situations that confront them, and their self-abasement even assumes an unpleasantly physical character.

These personal revelations make an interesting check on whether a highly discriminatory intelligence is sufficient for morality, whether a properly social consciousness can remain largely critical and intellectual. More emphasis is needed on quite simple techniques of actualizing fraternity, of testing out in imagination and even more in reality the ways in which people working together can influence social decisions toward a truer community. This is what *Partisan Review* used to preach in the early Stalinist days "of high confidence and inspiration," to which the editors now look back with nostalgia. It would seem that a humane Marxism requires it even more.

ROBERT GORHAM DAVIS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Christianity Without Paul

THE IDEA OF THE CHRIST IN THE GOSPELS OR GOD IN MAN: A CRITICAL ESSAY. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

THE reviewer wants, first of all, to express his thankfulness to the writer of this book. Nothing is more helpful for our theological work than the understanding criticism coming from non-theologians, philosophers, historians, scientists, and artists. There is much criticism of theology from these sides, but it is not always—or even often—understanding criticism. There is much misrepresentation, by professional philosophers, of what theology has done and is doing, and there is little comprehension among most leaders of our secular culture of the profundity and actuality of the classical documents of our religious tradition.

Santayana's book cannot be challenged in any of these respects. He knows the historical as well as the systematic problems of present-day theology, and, above all, he knows their significance for our human existence; he understands, as we call it today, their "existential" meaning.

The first, predominantly historical part of Santayana's book analyzes the Idea of Christ in the Gospels in eleven chapters, each of which contains Biblical material in an original and impressive interpretation. The way in which the philosopher looks at the miracle stories, the prayers, the passion of Jesus, the appearances of the resurrected Christ, is striking and revealing. Methodologically most important is the first chapter, Inspiration. Here Santayana liberates himself completely from the uncertainty about the so-called "historical Jesus." He frankly admits that he has no theory about the event which inspired the disciples, the early church, and the evangelists. He recognizes—with many recent theologians—that the Gospels do not warrant such a theory, that the only thing we have is the inspired picture of a man in whom God is present in an absolute and unique way. The nature and the different traits of this picture, created by inspiration, and not the practically unknown occasion for the rise of the inspired picture, are the objects of Santayana's analysis. This makes it possible for him to use the four Gospels without discrimination. He knows that Mark gives the earliest tradition and that John is a late, mystical interpreter; but this does not prevent him from using material taken from both of them with a strong emphasis on the Johannean literature—which, as so often, attracts the philosophical mind.

There is no place for Paul in Santayana's book: this is, of course, partly due to the fact that Paul has not written a Gospel. But this alone is not sufficient to explain the omission from the second part, which deals with concepts and ideas and not with the picture. Santayana has no place for Paul because he rejects the absolute categories in which Paul lives, sin in its infinite depth, and reconciliation as an absolute paradox. Grace seems to Santayana—in accordance with Catholic thinking—not so much forgiveness as the gift of spiritual power.

A few special points as they appear in the systematic part may be mentioned. Santayana interprets the Christian idea of God as monarchical monotheism, sharply distinguished from everything pantheistic. He derives from it the doctrine of

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creation as an event within the universe—which comprises God and matter. God is a part of being, not being itself as in classical theology. Santayana recognizes the mythical character of monarchical monotheism, but he declares that it is as essential for Christianity as the ideas of temporal creation and consummation. But can a myth, recognized as a myth, be preserved without undergoing fundamental changes?

Santayana accepts the Thomistic doctrine of the supranatural soul. This is surprising, since this doctrine shows more clearly than any other the clash between the theological and philosophical traditions which Aquinas tried to synthesize. But Santayana's reason for accepting this doctrine is obvious: psyche (life-process) and soul (bearer of the spirit) are generally united, as God and man are uniquely united in Christ and as spiritual and vital forces are united in those who are elevated above ordinary human inclinations. In all these cases the human, the natural, the vital is accepted but at the same time superseded by the divine, the supranatural, the spiritual. A refined dualism and asceticism remain, and so does a sublime esotericism: the masses of people do not reach and do not even desire spirituality and divinity.

Santayana's book attempts a synthesis between mystical Catholicism and modern skeptical naturalism, using the results of Protestant historical research; but it is at a great remove from the Protestant spirit. PAUL TILLICH

BRIEFER COMMENT

Keynes and Veblen

"BEYOND SUPPLY AND DEMAND. A Reappraisal of Institutional Economics," by John S. Gambs (Columbia University Press, $1.60), is an original and important book, clearly and entertainingly written. Dr. Gambs calls it "a book about the theories of Thorstein Veblen and . . . economists who have been inspired by his work." But it is also an attempt to reappraise current economic assumptions, classical and institutional alike. Dr. Gambs is convinced that the time has come for some very fundamental thinking in economics. In the atomic age "the relatively uncomplicated thinking of a decade ago will not save us from disasters even greater than those which have lately befallen us. It is doubtful whether we shall ever again be able to blunder through for a while with NRA's and WPA's and AAA's; whether we can ever again trust to the sheer weight of productive power to bring us victory over a strong foe. . . . This time we shall have to revalue our fundamentals or take the dire consequences."

"There has been no adequate philosophy" or "adequate psychology" among economists. Veblen's followers, for all their useful work, "are . . . empirical, eclectic, pragmatic. . . . They have sought to skirt error by avoiding any consciously made philosophical assumptions. But this in itself leads to an assumption . . . a dangerous preconception . . . that naive induction, eclecticism, empiricism, pragmatism, sacred or profane, can be fruitful. This . . . may lead nowhere even more surely than . . . faith in neo-Hegelianism or . . . *Gestalt* psychology or Freud."

One of Dr. Gambs's main reasons for attempting a reappraisal of Veblen is that he provides a background for a better evaluation of Keynes. He gives us a delightful sketch of "a Veblenian essay on Keynes." Its essential point is that we cannot have both full employment and "the spirit of business enterprise." That is the great economic issue of the day, and it is the kind of issue which makes reconsideration of the assumptions of economics imperative.

EUGENE FORSEY

The World in Black and White

FORMER AMBASSADOR WILLIAM C. BULLITT, in common with a lot of us, is concerned with the shape of world affairs. In "The Great Globe Itself" (Scribner's, $2.75), he earnestly exhorts us to do something about it. His program has already had tremendous mass dissemination; it is, quite simply, to set up against Russia as quickly as possible a "Defense League" of nations on as wide a base as possible, and to announce firmly to the Soviets, meaning it too, that one more "aggression" will bring a war in which we will use the atomic bomb. Mr. Bullitt's repeated references to the Soviet absorption of the Baltic states and eastern Poland make it clear that he is thinking primarily, although not entirely, about territorial expansion. He argues, with a host of quotations which are for the most part very familiar in this kind of book, that the Soviet Union represents a blend of Asiatic tyranny and Communist will to dominate the world. Only a "Defense League" can preserve peace and liberty for the world.

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of Gorki's Reminiscences

An appraisal by H. B. HAGGIN
of some of the new phonographs

One need not be an unblinking apologist for everything Soviet Russian to look upon Mr. Bullitt's proposal with less than enthusiasm. The Great Globe which Mr. Bullitt writes about in bland prose, with strong moralistic and religious overtones, is an extremely simple one: you can draw it in black and white, and there is no question about what is what. Mr. Bullitt deals as freely in generalizations and self-righteousness, portraying his projected league—which would in some mysterious way operate *within* the U. N. without destroying that organization—as the guardian of liberty and the good life. He touches only lightly on the question of the league's membership, though we can hardly doubt that Franco's Spain and the Vatican—neither of them even mentioned, by the way, in "The Great Globe Itself"—would eagerly enrol. Could a crusade against the Bolshevik East do other than strengthen and revitalize fascism everywhere, not least in Germany? Is there any more immediate way of reversing the military decision of the war and transforming it into a victory for a good many of Hitler's ideas?

From an author who has been ambassador to the Soviet Union and France, one might be forgiven for expecting some depth of vision, some understanding of the interrelationships of national and international affairs. Mr. Bullitt many times laments our shameful behavior in allowing Poland to fall within the Russian orbit, but he says nothing about the sorry state of affairs in pre-war Poland. He excoriates Tito's Yugoslavia, but there is not a word concerning the problems created by the pre-war Serbian dictatorship in that country. To say this is of course not to indorse the Soviets' actions in Poland, Yugoslavia, and elsewhere. It is merely to point out that politics, too, abhor a vacuum, and to suggest that what has been happening in Eastern Europe, having a history of more than a few years, cannot be attributed solely to latter-day Russian expansionism. In a book subtitled "A Preface to World Affairs" Mr. Bullitt might with profit have given his readers some comment on the influence on world affairs of social revolutions over-long delayed; this in turn might have led him to formulate a foreign policy based on more than panic, self-righteousness, and a one-sided view of the world.

W. J. GOLD

Professorial Guilt

THE STORY OF THE PROSTITUTION of scholarship to political ends needs to be told whenever it occurs. Unhappily it occurs all too often, and it is not unusual for men of probity in one field of specialty to have utterly irresponsible opinions in another. Where there is no freedom of publication to serve as a check on special pleading, it is naive to be surprised that pseudo-scholarship climbs into the saddle and gallops away, carrying the gift of science to the outstretched hand of the ruler.

The present volume ("Hitler's Professors," by Max Weinreich, Yiddish Scientific Institute, $3) is rightly concerned about the part that German professors played in the rise of Nazi doctrine and in the annihilation of 6,000,000 European Jews. It seeks to determine the complicity of German intellectual leaders in the crimes committed by German politicians and soldiers. It documents copiously the maunderings and rant-

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ings of many men who held intellectual eminence in the Nazi state. The story of a great crime is told again, without passion but, unhappily, without real objectivity.

Over and over again the term *scholarly* is ascribed to men whose intellectual probity is by no means a matter of prior record, to publications of an obviously special cast, particularly those clustered under the aegis of geo-politics. This failure to distinguish between pseudo and real scholarship vitiates the conclusions as to intellectual responsibility and leaves unanswered the really important question. That question is not how much of an aura of scholarship Nazidom managed to cast over its doings and doctrines, but rather to what extent science was perverted to the uses of an ideology with the consent and cooperation of the professors of that science. The answer to that question is important, since it will give us much needed light on the extent and power of the disease. It is certainly clear that the German universities gave their students no particular ability to resist infection; we should like to know whether there was any more capacity for resistance among the professors themselves.

Such an inquiry must consider certain definite points. It must determine to what degree the universities and scholarship generally were viewed as an adjunct of political action even before Nazism. It must determine which recognized men of science, and how many, were willing to twist the doctrines of their own fields of specialty to Nazi needs. It must determine what proportion of the scholars held firm and what they did to maintain their intellectual integrity. This book takes up only the second of these points, and that in a fashion by no means systematic.

It is quite possible that German scholarship did sell out. This book, however, does not prove it. It does do a real service by raising the question and by adducing evidence which, when more systematically considered, may yield us an answer.

GEORGE J. BECKER

The Last Red Leaf

ELEGANTLY, AS BECOMES AN ARISTOCRAT; elegiacally, as one must who considers himself nearly the last of these, Sir Osbert Sitwell continues his memoirs in "The Scarlet Tree" (Little, Brown, $3.50). This instalment, covering approximately the first decade of our century, treats mainly of the evasions of the author, as a scion of Heartbreak House, his obduracies and recalcitrance when faced with the regimen of Hobbyhorse Hall, as represented by the English public schools. Light, water, houses, gardens—these he loves; for people he has a less warm regard, though he can turn a kindly eye on many, especially those endowed with some eccentricity in the character. Conscious of the fact that, like his brother and sister, he is distinguished by virtue of being an artist, Sir Osbert writes a prose that has manner, style, and taste; the elaborate, ornate, rich, and intricate sentences rest on a firm foundation of structure. To the reader who has idle hours a-plenty, they serve well to beguile tedium, to interest and to charm; if, however, you have work of your own to do, meals to get, or grass to cut, or reviews to write, you may sometimes become a little impatient with these *longeurs*.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

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Films

JAMES AGEE

THE RAIDER," an English film once called by the beautiful title "Western Approaches," is the story of the convergence in mid-Atlantic of a U-boat, an English lifeboat, and an English ship which has strayed from convoy. The men in the lifeboat realize that the Germans are using them as a decoy; they are determined to warn off the rescuing vessel, if need be at the cost of their lives. The rescuers are torpedoed all the same, but manage to outwit and sink the submarine. The submarine crew, so far as I could make out, is left to drown; the English derelicts are taken aboard at last.

This very broad, strong, simple story, which suggests many of the good things about Kipling or even Tolstoy, is, I gather, true, or is anyhow a composite of true incidents. It is played entirely by non-professional actors, sailors, and we are told that they are reenacting their experiences. The picture is directed by Pat Jackson, who also wrote the scenario and the dialogue for the semi-fictional scenes of reenactment.

"The Raider" reaches this country very late, after a muffle of delays I would be curious to see explained. It is a war film and was made to be seen in war time; but it is also one of very few war films which can be seen without blushing at any time, and which is, I think, permanently to be respected.

It is not, to be sure, in any sense a morally or politically searching or a psychologically exciting piece of work. The predicament is a deadly simple, physical one, and the reactions are no less simple and physical. There is little exploration of development of character: the men in the lifeboat, for instance, know each other well to begin with and get to know each other even better in the course of a couple of weeks' exposure, but the audience gets no illusion of knowing them better; it is merely privileged to rubberneck. But it is looking at the surfaces of people of extraordinary strength and authenticity; moreover, the Germans, especially the U-boat captain, are no less full-blown as personalities than the English. Most attempts to make the enemy "human" have gone as fishy as the still more conventional attempts to make him a devil, a brute, a clown, or at very least a foot-fetishist; here, more successfully than in any other film I can remember, he is merely made up of another bunch of people who are very deeply absorbed in a life-and-death predicament and as deeply interested in their jobs. It is an obvious point, of course, but you have to see it really done, for once, to realize fully the childish shallowness of any other way of "indicting" war. By a characteristically good and unobtrusive bit of writing the only Englishman who expresses hatred for the Germans for using them as bait is also the only one who has opposed his captain's determination to warn off the rescuers. Another fine little bit is the submarine captain's red-bearded patriarchal smile as he says that they'll just turn loose their last couple of torpedoes and then—home.

It is this same hale, sane, uncomplicated, and unquerulous sense of reality which gives the whole picture its finest qualities. To use non-professionals well in this semi-fictional kind of work requires a particularly warm, quick, and flexible understanding of people—of when to direct and when to leave alone, of how to combine several degrees of both harmoniously, and of what, artistically, is more "real" than the actual and what is less real. It is a rare and potentially very important kind of creative faculty, called for by movies and by still photography as by no other kind of art. I have seen some very good things done with it, chiefly by the English; and the Russians have often used it very powerfully—though less perceptively in a purely human way—by, for instance, cutting non-professional faces into intense poetic or rhetorical contexts. But I don't remember seeing anyone use non-actors so extensively, with such respect and understanding and thorough success, as Mr. Jackson has used them here. Anyone who wants, for instance, to see the varied awkwardness of non-professionals used to perfection can study over and over the little scene in New York in which the convoy captains are briefed. Or for a sample of directing neither too much nor too little, so that art and actuality work on each other like live chemicals, there is the exchange of smiles between the radio operator and the adolescent boy in the lifeboat, at the moment when everyone first has good reason to give up hope. Or for a quietly definitive illustration of the quality free naturalism can have when a man with the right poetic instincts is in charge, watch the variety of manner in which the sailors transfer from the lifeboat to the ship, and compare the unlimited beauty and touchingness of this little scene with the also touching, skilfully predigested and packaged quality of the realism in the scene in which crew and captain part in "In Which We Serve." Or to check the film against something with which you may have been familiar, see what has been done with shots of the New York mid-war waterfront. The most ordinary "documentary" material in this film is always used with so deep and unpretentious a sense of its human meanings that without rhetoric or comment it becomes automatically poetic; and all that is necessarily fictional is anchored as short as can be managed to what is known to have been so. That combination sounds like and perhaps is the minimum of common sense for this type of film; it is not often attempted, however, and almost never achieved.

This same sort of purity of plain good sense at its best must help, I think, to account for the excellence of the transitions and of the cutting, which never use artily, or point up, or intrude on, but are always made part of the hypnotic leavening of, the noble prevailing rhythm of the film, which is simply that of ocean water. It must have taken the same good sense to foresee that such a film could and should be

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made in color; that the imperfections of color film, as a rule so deadly under studio control, greatly enhance both immediacy and beauty when they collaborate with the imperfections of unaffected people and of open nature. And it took a kind of flat plain sense—far beyond that of the mere realist—which I have never seen get so far on the screen before, to realize that you have no right to record the sufferings and honor the fortitude of men exposed in a lifeboat unless you make those sufferings at least real enough, in swollen features and livid coloring, feebleness of motion and obvious crushing headache, to hurt an audience, and hurt it badly.

It seems to me striking that in this film and in others the English have done so well in their handling of real people in films, and that we as a rule have done so very badly. (One must, thank heaven, except several of our war record films.) The chief reason, so well as I can understand it, is an ugly one. Few Americans either behind or in front of our cameras give evidence of any recognition or respect for themselves or one another as human beings, or have any desire to be themselves or to let others be themselves. On both ends of the camera you find very few people who are not essentially, instead, just promoters, little racketeers, interested in "the angle." I suspect it will some day be possible to deduce out of our non-fiction films alone that the supposedly strongest nation on earth collapsed with such magical speed because so few of its members honored any others, or even themselves, as human beings.

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Records

B. H. HAGGIN

HAYDN'S Symphony No. 97, though not one of the works which the Haydn liveliness of mind carries to sheer incandescence, is a delightful work in which that liveliness gives us characteristic surprises—such as the daring harmonic progressions in the coda of the first movement or the agitated coda of the slow movement. The new Victor set (1059; $3.95) offers a performance by Beecham with the London Philharmonic that is exquisite in sonority, in polished execution, in phraseological contour, but without the vivacity, the sharpness of inflection which Haydn's music requires. The performance is excellently reproduced except for the heaviness of bass that seems to be characteristic of English orchestral recording.

No composer has taken more pains than Tchaikovsky to set down in his score what must be done in performance to translate the printed symbols into the shape in living sound that he imagined; and a conductor with proper understanding of his function and with musical competence who plays Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony as the score directs will produce the superb piece of music that Tchaikovsky created. Koussevitzky is not such a conductor; he sets tempos different from those Tchaikovsky establishes by metronome (for example, the excessively slow tempo of the horn solo in the slow movement) and makes retardations and accelerations of pace that Tchaikovsky does not ask for; and in this way he distorts the shape of the work and its character and meaning. But the tasteless musician is a great conductor: the playing of the Boston Symphony under his direction is fabulous in its beauty of sonority and refinement of execution; and it is reproduced with spacious richness, though not invariably with the balance necessary for clarity of contrapuntal texture (Set 1057; $6.85).

I would expect the music put on records to be music people will want to hear again and again—which I cannot imagine anyone wanting to do with Arthur Benjamin's Elegy, Waltz, and Toccata and Roy Harris's Soliloquy and Dance for viola and piano, recorded by William Primrose with Vladimir Sokoloff and Joana Harris (Set 1061; $4.85). They provide occasions for dazzling demonstrations of Primrose's virtuosity in the handling of his instrument—or rather of his two instruments, since he uses an Amati in the Benjamin work and a viola recently made for him by William Moennig, Jr., in the Harris. The tone of the new one is more sonorous but also coarser; the smaller tone of the Amati is finer and silkier. The performances are excellently reproduced.

Rachmaninov's trashy Second Concerto is performed with brilliance and sentimentality by Arthur Rubinstein with the N. B. C. Symphony under Golschmann (Set 1075; $5.85) for the benefit of those who are receiving their musical education from the films; and piano and orchestra are excellently reproduced. As far as I am concerned a Rachmaninov concerto is something to listen to only for the exciting kind of playing Rachmaninov himself does in it.

Rubinstein is also heard on a single disc (11-9219; $1) playing four unpleasantly and pointlessly dissonant Mazurkas Opus 50 by Szymanowski. Beautiful-sounding playing, faithfully reproduced. On another single (11-9220; $1) the General Platoff Don Cossack Chorus sings the folksong "Nightingale" without the tricks that are heard in Listov's "Song of the Tachanka." On still another (11-9218; $1) Eleanor Steber sings the Merry Widow Waltz and "Vilia" from "The Merry Widow" very beautifully, except for an occasional strong tremolo in the waltz, in which also the recorded sound of her voice is a little sharp. And $.75) on which the fresh tenor voice of Christopher Lynch is heard in "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms" and "Oft in the Stilly Night," which he sings for the most part quite simply.

Vox, a new company, has issued a volume called "Chopin Recital" (Set 604; $3.93, including federal tax) in which several popular pieces are played by Jacob Gimpel. They are the Fantaisie-Impromptu Opus 66, the Nocturne in E flat Opus 9 No. 2, the Valse in C sharp minor Opus 64 No. 2, the Polonaise in A flat Opus 53, the Etude in C minor ("Revolutionary"), and the Mazurka in B flat minor Opus 24 No. 4. Only rarely does Gimpel indulge in the excessively mannered style that is traditional in the performance of Chopin's

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music; and even then his playing exhibits its admirable feeling for musical continuity. But the feeling for continuity operates through a technique which, though well developed, does not always achieve continuity in the sound; and he hasn't all the strength required by the Polonaise. The sound of the piano is well reproduced; but the surfaces in my copy are noisy and some sides waver in pitch.

Another Vox set (161; $5) called "Salzburg Serenades" offers Mozart's Serenade K. 239 and the Concertante and Rondo from his Serenade K. 320, performed by a chamber orchestra under Edvard Fendler. The music is pleasantly inconsequential, and performed and recorded satisfactorily; but surfaces again are noisy, with an additional noise from a peculiar stain on the records.

From a Zenith circular I discover that the 9-tube set with 10-inch speaker that I heard is the 9H079, and that the 9H081 and 9H088R have a 12-inch speaker, which is of course preferable.

As for the separate cabinet for the speaker, which will improve the sound of any good machine, it can be made of ¾-inch plywood, with any dimensions that will give the interior a minimum capacity of 15,000 cubic inches for a 12-inch speaker or 18,000 cubic inches for a 15-inch speaker; with a removable back that fits in flush with the sides, top, and bottom; with long pieces of wood attached diagonally to the back and side panels (inside) to eliminate vibration; with the entire interior (except the hole in the front panel over which the speaker is mounted) lined with a thick wadding like the Kimsul made by Kimberley-Clark. A small hole in the back panel for the speaker-cable to pass through; castors for easy movement of the cabinet; and thin gauze over the hole in front—these complete the job.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

"The Only Ignorance"

Dear Sirs: The article Placebos in Medicine and Elsewhere, by Dr. Martin Gumpert, in the September 14 issue of *The Nation* merits comment because it raises questions which are of vital concern both to the medical profession and to the public which it serves.

After conceding the validity of the claims of the Cornell-New York Hospital symposium concerning the efficacy of certain placebos, Dr. Gumpert proceeds to condemn the use of placebos as a fraud. On a note of solemnity he intones, "I resolve that I will not treat patients who expect placebos from their doctors and I will not use the services of a doctor who prescribes placebos." In this I feel sure that Dr. Gumpert is deceiving himself. Has he never prescribed vitamins for patients who showed no evidence of avitaminosis? Did he never dispense a mixture known as "I. Q. & S."? Does he not recall the relief experienced by a patient who received a written prescription which, however, was never filled by the druggist?

Why does Dr. Gumpert call the placebos a fraud? Because "they are an indication of the ignorance of physicians, a proof that medicine is not yet a true science but still deeply overshadowed by magic, taboos, anxieties, and primitive rituals." Alas, to the chagrin of Dr. Gumpert, medical science will continue to be concerned with devils, because the object of our medical endeavor is man, who is, and for a long time will continue to be, beset by the very same "magic, taboos, anxieties, and primitive rituals." It has been the failure, or the refusal, to recognize this less tangible aspect of man which has been responsible for the unfortunate mechanistic orientation toward human illness and suffering. . . .

In the hands of the physician who knows what he is doing with the placebo as well as the administrator of ether anaesthesia knows what he is doing, the use of a placebo can hardly be called fraud. If it has alleviated suffering it is good medicine whether its effect is pharmocological or psychological. Consequently, contrary to Dr. Gumpert's assertion that placebos are a sign of the ignorance of physicians, I submit that the failure to understand the indication for a placebo, an effective method for its administration, and the dynamics of its effectiveness constitutes the only ignorance in the whole question. . . .

BERNARD C. MEYER, M.D.

New York, September 18

Madness in Method

Dear Sirs: My daughter has just returned from a first visit to my old home town. She was born in Philadelphia twenty-four years ago and has a fair complexion. On a Southern bus she sat in the Negro section. The driver ordered her to the white section. She refused to move, and told him she had no objections to sitting beside Negroes. When he kept insisting, she told him *she* was a Negro and was sitting where the law said she must sit.

But contrary to her expectations, his face wasn't red. Confused or not, he said, "All right. Be stubborn. But I won't let the niggers sit by you. You're only keeping them out of a seat, that's all." And he did make the newly arriving colored passengers stand in the rear of the car!

Keeping the Negro in his place, especially on a segregated bus, very often calls for more madness than method. . . . The place the Southern white man picks for the black man is, after all, only some manner of living which the white man feels sure is below his own; his own being far below any praiseworthy standard of decency and progressiveness.

It all means that the white South is satisfied to have the Negro to look down upon, even though it has nothing in God's wide world to look up to.

W. J. J.

Philadelphia, September 22

Comatose Crosswords

Dear Sirs: D. L. C. (*The Nation,* September 14, Letters) evidently is used to the type of crossword puzzle whose answers "fall out" without any mental effort on the solver's part. Known as the "all-over-interlock," it can be solved while in a coma, and is extinct everywhere today except in the United States.

LIONEL BREWSTER

New London, September 22

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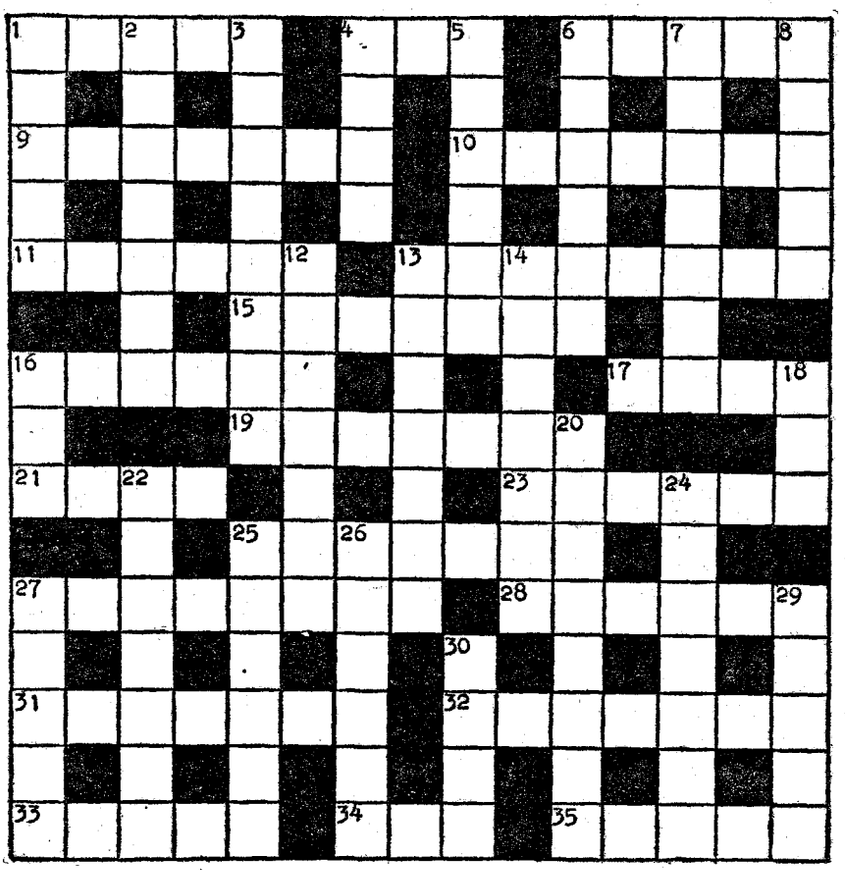
Crossword Puzzle No. 182

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 A poet's dream ruler
4 Bellow sotto voce?
6 A crop of it would relieve the fat shortage
9 Little Jack Horner's toothsome dish (4 and 3)
10 "Bow window"
11 Film actors paid by the day
13 Adorned primarily for rest
15 Heavier than a 14-lb. stone
16 Prodigy
17 Animal often pictured at bay
19 Source of tortoise-shell
21 Usually the first casualty, in chess
23 Alarm bell, or the ringing of it
25 Robot diver
27 Mounting this is uphill work
28 Card-player's profession, possibly
31 Pressing necessity
32 Cloth provided by the sheep of the same name
33 Benders
34 Just a drop, first thing in the morning
35 I don't know what the element, but this is what he sediment

DOWN

1 South African hillock
2 About what you'd expect from a windbag
3 The only invention which didn't have to be improved upon
4 This vegetable seems to require a retentive soil
5 Had a desire
6 Italians might feel at home in this English resort
7 Slit in a skirt
8 Throbbed with pain
12 Not quite the same as "solvable"
13 Loud
14 Blotted out
16 Clean up
18 The purest of spirits, but so saddening!
20 Politician dissatisfied with his share of the gravy
22 They seem to do this with distinction and dignity at Cambridge
24 Not the wrath of the peppery one, obviously
25 Grand instruments, some of them
26 In natural colors
27 The father of opera
29 Speedometer charges
30 Cows in a ferryboat

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 181

ACROSS:—1 WASHERS; 5 IMMERSE; 9 SEVENTH; 10 TRUMPET; 11 OHO; 13 INLACE; 15 THWART; 16 HAIRNET; 17 GUYS; 19 ELSE; 20 PIECEMEAL; 21 MICA; 23 MIND; 26 PLIANCY; 28 RARELY; 29 EARCAP; 30 IRK; 32 ADAPTER; 33 IMMENSE; 34 ARTISAN; 35 SURREYS.

DOWN:—1 WASHING; 2 SAVELOY; 3 EUNUCH; 4 SOHO; 5 INTO; 6 MOUGHT; 7 RAPHAEL; 8 ENTITLE; 12 HORSEHAIR; 14 EAGERLY; 15 TERENCE; 18 SPA; 19 ELM; 21 MARIANA; 22 CURRANT; 24 INCENSE; 25 DIPPERS; 26 PLATES; 27 YAMMER; 30 IRON; 31 KISS.

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